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Series 7

PLAGUE

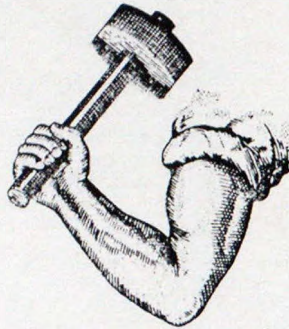


"It" hung limply beside him as he lost primary after primary. . .

"It" was powerless to fight back when Bush insulted his wife. . .

But now "it" has come alive, clawing for revenge. . .

"It" is BOB DOLE'S ARM. . .



Bob Dole may have dropped out of the race, but his withered right arm has come to life, grasping for the presidency against phenomenal odds. Bush counted on winning the race, but he never counted on Bob Dole's Arm. See the arm grab the headlines and grasp victory from the hands of an astonished Bush!

The Critics are astounded:

"I thought Dole was above strongarm tactics"
— *Jim Wright, Speaker of the House*

"I never meant any arm"
— *Bob Dole*

"I'd like to tear it limb from limb"
— *George Bush*

"It's inspiring. In fact, my legs are thinking of running as an independent candidate"
— *George Wallace*

WARNING: No one will be seated during the Senate arm wrestling scene!!!

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(Yeh, even dregs like us can
get copyrights. Ain't it great
to live in America?)

PLAGUE

n. 1. A pestilence, affliction, or calamity, originally one of divine attribution: "till the seven plagues of the seven angels were fulfilled" (Revelation 15:8). 2. A sudden influx, as of destructive or injurious insects: a plague of locusts. 3. Any cause for annoyance; a nuisance; "the blessed silence of the Sabbath saved one from the plague of social jabbering." (George Santayana). 4. A highly infectious, usually fatal, epidemic disease, especially the bubonic plague. --tr.v. plagued, plaguing, plagues. 1. To harass, pester, annoy; "What business have people to get children to plague their neighbors" (Smollett). *Who the hell is Smollett?*

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"A critic is a legless man
who teaches running."
-- Channing Pollack

ADULT EDUCATION

With fly-by-night operations like the Learning Annex and the NYU School of Continuing Education offering a million and one useless courses for lonely blowhards to waste their money on, the *PLAGUE* has decided to enter this dirty racket with our own celebrity-taught courses for adults with an abundance of leisure time and discretionary income. So instead of paying \$300 a credit for a semester-long class on where to find good pastrami in New York, come to the *PLAGUE* and learn invaluable skills from some true professionals.

Panhandling for Fun and Profit

Professor Billie Boggs

PC322895.CX14 (Mon at noon; meet at hot-air grate near 721 Broadway)

Join Prof. Boggs as she takes you on an odyssey through the coolest places to beg in Manhattan. Learn how to gain the sympathy of strangers while wallowing in your own excrement. Boggs will also teach the timing techniques necessary to make obscenities effective. Best of all, learn how to make a fool of the mayor of the biggest city in the world with poise and a cutting wit that Prof. Boggs will teach you in just a few short sessions.

Opportunism

Professor Jessica Hahn

PC578812.CX07 (Wed at 10 p.m.; meet outside the Sleazeball Cinema at 42 St.)

Learn the three B's of getting rich quick, despite having no discernible talent

or brains: Blowjob, Blackmail, Breast Implants. Prof. Hahn shows you how to use the media to destroy major public figures while getting rich and famous in the process. What's more, she'll share gossipy religious tid-bits with the class, including motels where evangelists hang out and how Oral Roberts got his name.



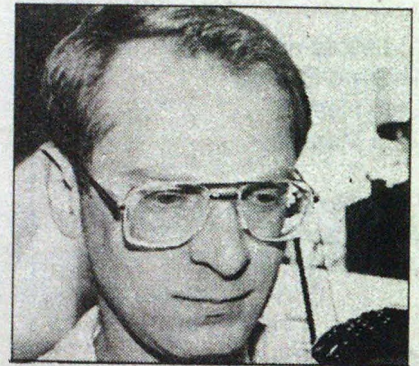
Self-Defense in the Concrete Jungle **Professor Bernard**

Goetz

PC8832159.CX91
(Tuesday at 1 a.m.; meet at 4 St. station, F train platform)

For this class, students need only bring a token as Prof. Goetz teaches the course in the

best classroom in the world: the New York City subway system. Goetz shows the class the delicate art of



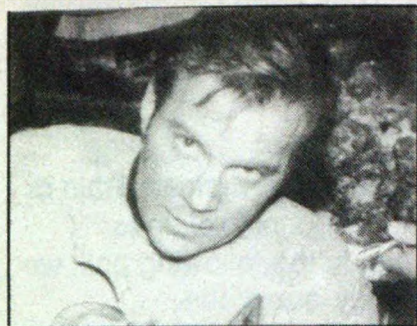
determining who should and shouldn't be shot. He'll tell you where to get an illegal handgun cheap. What's more, Prof. Goetz will show you how to escape the subway via train tracks without getting electrocuted—or prosecuted.

Overacting for the Terminally Melodramatic **Professor William** **Shatner**

PC295550.CX05 (Sat at 2 p.m., meet at Wash. Sq. Park amphitheatre)

Learn why this one-dimensional thespian never

played Shakespeare. Prof. Shatner will show young actors how to shout their way through all parts. He'll discuss techniques of



fighting giant lizards as well as what it's like to have sex with women from different planets. For the final assignment, students will have to run back and forth to effectively simulate the rocking of the Enterprise. In this course's lighter moments, you'll laugh and cry with Shatner as he tells you about partying with crazy men Leonard Nimoy and DeForrest Kelley. **WARNING:** Don't make fun of his hairpiece.

Religious Fund Raising Professor Oral Roberts

PC666333.CX39 (Sun at 11 a.m., meet in front of Citibank on LaGuardia)

Prof. Roberts teaches aspiring evangelists how to extort money from the flock by merely invoking the Lord's name. "Tell them God said it and they'll do anything for you," says Roberts. Our most reverend professor will share

evangelism secrets such as God's home and business phone numbers and where to get a prayer tower wholesale.

Guttural Groans and Grunts

Professor Sylvester Stallone

PC298739.CX80 (Thur at 3 p.m., meet in Coles weight room)

Formerly taught by Marlon Brando, this course is designed for the Neanderthal who wants to make it big. Professor Stallone shows you how to mumble, slur, and mutter your way to fame and fortune. Stallone will show you how to write a screenplay without using one polysyllabic word.



Power Lifting

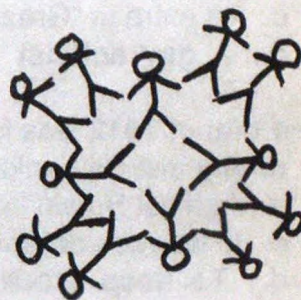
Professor Tom Bosley

PC39-52-68-25-41HUTHUTHIKE (Mon at 11 a.m., meet at city dump)

TV's lovable Mr. Cunningham will teach you physical fitness and aerobic therapy with the cheapest

equipment possible—a loaded trash bag. Students will gasp when Professor Bosley demonstrates the dangers and embarrassments of working out with an inferior brand of trash bag. Bosley will critically examine such issues as: overstuffing the bag, finding the right garbage can, and the use of ziplocks versus wire twists.

Acts that never made it:
Anorexic June Taylor
Dancers



REAL HEAVY METAL

Important facts about pop music stars: their weight and the most White Castle hamburgers they gorge themselves with in one sitting.

Randy Bachman:	270 lbs., 35
Barry White:	255 lbs., 33
Meatloaf:	273 lbs., 40
Elvis Presley:	250 lbs., 29
David Crosby:	220 lbs., 25
Mama Cass:	215 lbs., 19
Jerry Garcia (during a munchies attack in 1974):	227 lbs., 64
Bo Diddley	232 lbs., 44
Deniece Williams	205 lbs., 20

THE ROTTING OF THE AMERICAN BRAIN

Recently there's been a storm of controversy over whether Americans are illiterate idiots. First E. D. Hirsch published his book on cultural literacy. Then Allan Bloom warned that American minds are snapping shut at the rate of 23 minds per 10 minutes. That's 1,205,568 minds a year lost to masturbational rock music, feminist literature, dangerous relativistic trends, and Satan.

That's grim.

We decided to investigate this trend. We call it The Rotting of the American Brain or How Higher Education Has Funded Nine Million Frat Parties But Failed to Explain to College Students Which Lines on Road Maps are The Interstates. In the following poll, we tested college students from all over the country on basic knowledge questions.

1. Benedict Arnold was:

- | | |
|------------------------------------|------------|
| a. A famous U.S. traitor | 14% |
| b. An old boyfriend of Vanna White | 17% |
| c. An extra in "Grease" | 10% |
| d. A gay activist | 59% |

2. The War of 1812 was fought:

- | | |
|---|------------|
| a. Against Sri Lanka in 1975 | 20% |
| b. Against Britain in 1812 | 28% |
| c. In fatigues designed by Ralph Lauren | 5% |
| d. To keep crack dealers out of Queens | 47% |

3. Socrates was forced to drink hemlock because:

- | | |
|--|------------|
| a. He was a Communist | 30% |
| b. He was a homosexual Communist | 60% |
| c. He predicted the Mets would repeat | 8% |
| d. He committed crimes against the youth | 2% |

of Athens

4. There's an old saying, "Red sky at night, sailor's delight, red sky in morning,

-
- | | |
|--------------------------------------|------------|
| a. "Get the radiation suits, Martha" | 27% |
| b. "Sailors take warning" | 21% |
| c. "Sailors: Take condoms" | 45% |
| d. "Sell the cat" | 7% |

5. Mark Twain was a pseudonym for:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------|
| a. Joe Biden | 30% |
| b. Samuel Langhorne Clemens | 15% |
| c. Sid Vicious | 4% |
| d. Liberace | 51% |

6. The *Razor's Edge* is a story about:
- a. A young man's travels in search of meaning 12%
 - b. A young man's travels in search of a close shave 24%
 - c. **Marla Hanson** 58%
 - d. Cocaine—the definitive how-to manual 6%
7. "Alas, poor Yorick, I knew him well," recites Hamlet while holding Yorick's:
- a. Skull 19%
 - b. Femur 22%
 - c. **Third metacarpal** 48%
 - d. Patella 11%
8. The Rev. Cotton Mather became famous because he:
- a. Got involved in the Salem witch trials 9%
 - b. Got involved in the Tawana Brawley case 29%
 - c. **Said the Lord would call him to heaven if he didn't receive three million dollars in unmarked bills immediately** 52%
 - d. Ran for President 10%
9. Isaac Bashevis Singer is famous for:
- a. Winning the Nobel Prize in Literature 4%
 - b. **Inventing the sewing machine** 78%
 - c. Becoming President after the assassination of Alexander the Great 14%
 - d. Being the first black hockey player 4%
10. Descartes was a famous French philosopher who said:
- a. Voulez-vous couchez avec moi, ce soir? 22%
 - b. I think, therefore I am 9%
 - c. **I always carry one of these with me** 63%
 - d. The beingness of being is in the act of being 6%
11. Nero played his fiddle while:
- a. Rome burned 16%
 - b. His toast burned 28%
 - b. Madonnna danced in a gondola in the "Like A Virgin" music video 9%
 - c. **Groucho and Harpo cracked jokes** 47%
12. Who said "God is dead"?
- a. Freidrich Nietzsche 5%
 - b. Mr. Rogers 12%
 - c. Rin Tin Tin 20%
 - d. **Movie badboy Sean Penn** 63%

Uncle Jack's Fairy Tales

Okay, girls, just climb right up on ol' Uncle Jack's knee--hey, watch the family jewels. . .and I'll tell you a little story my daddy used to tell me before we went drinking

Once upon a time there was a girl who lived in a small village. She was the prettiest girl in town and she flaunted it. She wore a red hood and skirt that hugged her ass so tight she needed a jar of vaseline to help her slide it on. Her skirt and hood drove all the men in town crazy. This girl was sixteen going on thirty-five. One of her nicknames was Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother rolled a few joints and asked Red to bring them to her grandma because the old lady's glaucoma was acting up. "Go, Red, and take some of these hashish brownies, too. They'll give her a charge."

Red Riding Hood started off to her grandma's house which was on the other side of the forest. On her way the men of the town whistled at her. She gave them all the finger and headed towards the woods.

A little ways into the forest Red met Mr. Wolf. Instead of birddogging chicks or banging beaver, Mr. Wolf decided to hassle Red. He asked her where she was going. Red,

although she was around the block a few times, wasn't any Rhodes scholar. She told the wicked Wolf where she was going.

"I'm going to my grandma's. She needs dope. Her house is on the other side of the forest by the wood mill."



"Well, I'm going that way, too," the Wolf said. "Tell ya what, I take this path and you take the other path and we'll see who can get there first."

The Wolf put his ass into high gear and tore out towards granny's. Red took the longer way. She stopped along the longer path and flirted with a few woodcutters. Then she picked the poppies that grew on the side of the road so she could smoke them later.

It didn't take long for the Wolf to get to Red's grandmother house. He knocked on the door. Tap, tap.

"Who's there."

"It's your granddaughter, Red," said the Wolf, imitating Red

Riding Hood's voice. "I'm freezing my goddamn ass off out here. Let me in."

"Pull the bobbin and the latch will open," the grandmother said.

Obviously she never lived in New York City. The Wolf pulled the bobbin and the door opened. He leaped onto the grandmother and ate her up. Mr. Wolf was not an ordinary wolf. He was a starving transvestite wolf. After eating the old wretch, the wolf raided her wardrobe and started to prance around in the grandmother's nighties like he was a goddamn ballerina. He then laid down in the grandmother's bed and waited for Red Riding Hood. Red knocked on the door a few minutes later.

"Who's there?"

Red was freaked out by the Wolf's gruff voice.

"Hey grandma, this is Red, you know, your illegitimate granddaughter. Are you possessed or something?"

"No, I just have a cold," said the Wolf, softening his voice. "Pull the bobbin and the latch will open."

The Wolf hid under the bedsheets as Red entered the room. The girl noticed the wolf's huge body under the covers. "Holy shit, grandma, you're bigger than a goddamn mountain." This really frightened Red. She had a bug so far up her ass

she didn't know whether to
shit or wind her wrist watch.

"Put your things on the
counter, dear, light up a
doobie and turn on the Laker
game," the Wolf said. "Then
come over here and talk to
your sick grandma."

Red took off her hood,
went towards the bed and
exclaimed: "Grandma, I
knew you had a harelip, but
Jesus Christ!" Red then

realized it was the Wolf.

"Holy shit, it's the fuckin'
Wolf!" Red gave the Wolf a
hard kick in the balls and ran
into the bathroom. The Wolf
chased after her and
pounded on the locked door.

"Come out, Red,
darling. I'm not gonna hurt
you, I'm just gonna bash
your fucking brains in," the
Wolf said. He started to
bash in the door and stuck

his head through the broken
panels. "Here's Johnny,"
roared the Wolf.

Red was tripping. She
just managed to slide out the
bathroom window and ran
home. The Wolf was
disappointed because he
couldn't eat Red Riding
Hood. He OD'ed on the
valium he found in the
grandmother's medicine
cabinet.

WARNING: THIS MATERIAL IS OF A TRAUMATIC NATURE!

DISCOVERED AFTER DECADES HIDDEN IN A MASON JAR ON AN OLD
PLANTATION—THE SECRET "LOST BOOKS" OF NOSTRAREMUS



WAS HE WIZARD?
A SERVANT OF GOD?
A SUPER PSYCHIC?
OR JUST A PSYCHOTIC STORYTELLER?

Revealed in a new book for the first time his startling revelations and predictions for the next fifty years,
including:

- 1989 - Brer Fox will rise to power in a Middle Eastern country. It will later be revealed that he is the Anti-Christ.
- 1994 - Brer Rabbit will come into contact with extra-terrestrials near Lyons, France. Their exchange of knowledge will greatly benefit mankind.
- 1997 - Ole Miss Cow will chase the Pope out of the Vatican. This event and the rise to power of Brer Terrapin in China will coincide with the third World War.
- 2003 - Mr. Jack Sparrow launches a nuclear attack on New York City, destroying it. This event ends World War III.
- 2010 - Brer Possum and one of the Kennedys will be elected President and Vice President of the United States
- 2011 - Brer Possum will be assassinated and stuffed by Rose Kennedy.
- 2027 - A great earthquake will shake the Briar Patch. The earth will swallow Brer Bear. California and Japan will be destroyed by tidal waves.

These predictions and more like them are available in the new book "Song of the Soothsayer." Order now by
sending \$10.95 plus \$1 for postage and handling to:

Brer Murdoch Publications
Tobacco Road
Birmingham, Alabama 11895

STAR DREK: THE FORGOTTEN GENERATION

A profile of the cast and an excerpt from the script of the pilot episode



Having survived numerous amounts of scandals and backstabbing, New York's favorite asexual mayor has cloned himself into the 23rd century. **Ed Koch** stars as himself, Capt. Edward I.

Koch of the starship Kibbutz.

Woody Allen is Sholomo Nutzenboltz, the ship's lovable but neurotic chief engineer with a bedwetting problem.

Howard Cosell returns to television as the prolix punster of subspace radio, Lt. Uhurawitz. The lieutenant is a Swahili/Jew

hermaphrodite who really fills out his/her dress.

Dr. Ruth Westheimer plays Vas Deferens, intergalactic sex therapist whose show is transmitted to 35 different solar systems. "I don't recommend oral sex with those green women from the far side of the galaxy, they have bad tempers and very sharp teeth," comments Vas Deferens in the pilot episode.

Norman Fell (a.k.a. Mr. Roper from "Three's Company") is the wrong way navigator, Mr. Feldman, who got his job because his brother is a bigwig at Starfleet Command.

Bruce Weitz (a.k.a. Mick Belker) is the irascible, gentile ship's surgeon, Dr. McGoy. "I'm a doctor, not a Rabbi, dogbreath," says the medic as he's ordered to perform circumcisions on every alien he encounters.

Megapromoter **Don King** makes his television debut as Mr. Shvartze, the ship's science officer. Because he comes from the planet VO-5, Mr. Shvartze is able to sense danger with his hair, which turns a bright red at any sign of danger.

The crack(ed) investigative team of the *PLAGUE* has managed to procure several

pages from the series' new script.

The Kibbutz crew has just saved the entire population of the planet Yenta from a terrible space disease by delivering several million gallons of chicken soup. Now they are in hot pursuit of the Klingons, who have just attacked a space synagogue with pork and cheese "goo-pods."

Capt. Koch: Lieutenant Uhurawitz, open a channel to the Klingon ship. I want to give them a piece of my mind. (Lt. Uhurawitz fumbles with the controls, adjusts his/her headphones, and looks at the captain.)

Lt. Uhurawitz: Captain, I have the commander of the Klingons—that odious bunch of malcontents who pollute the galaxy, those bearded insubordinate igoramuses who think they can overthrow the mighty and just B'nai B'rith of the Milky Way—they're on communication channel thirteen.

Capt. Koch: This is Captain I. Koch of the Starship Kibbutz. Your empire is the pits. (Capt. Koch turns to Mr. Shvartze) Mr. Shvartze, tell our weapons department to prepare a full blast of guilt for the Klingons.

Mr. Shvartze: (Hair turning

red) Shiiit, Captain, that's some nasty stuff. . .

Mr. Feldman: (Interjecting) Why don't we hit them with the photon blintzes?

Capt. Koch: Who's running this show, anyway? (Koch wheels around in his chair and looks at Engineer Nutzenboltz) Sholomo. . .

Eng. Nutzenboltz: Shmo? What are you calling me a shmo for? What did I do wrong?

Capt. Koch: I said Sholomo. . . I need full warp drive in two minutes.

Eng. Nutzenboltz: Full warp drive with these engines? My Aunt Bessie on Florida Colony 25 could outrun this ship. Besides, we blew a fuse on our last trip.

Capt. Koch: Then stick a dime in the energy transformer.

Eng. Nutzenboltz: You know, Captain, my analyst warned me about these pressure situations. They don't help my bunk wetting problem. (Several minutes later Dr. McGoy bursts onto the bridge)

Dr. McGoy: (Holding up a trash bag and a syringe) Okay, who's the stopped-up hairball who asked for the enema. . .

FINAL EXAM: HUMAN BIOLOGY 101

DIRECTIONS: Read each item and decide which choice BEST completes the statement.

Mark answers on the separate answer sheet or your underwear. Do NOT mark them on the test booklet. You will automatically fail if you lean on your test booklet, touch it too often, wrinkle the pages, or smudge the ink. Indicate your answer by blacking (using number 73 Hungarian pencils only) on the answer sheet (NOT THE TEST BOOKLET -- TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF THAT GODDAMN TEST BOOKLET RIGHT NOW!) the letter corresponding to your choice.

Your score will be the number of right answers minus one-third times the number of wrong answers plus the difference between the number right and the number wrong raised to the power of the logarithm of the total number of questions.

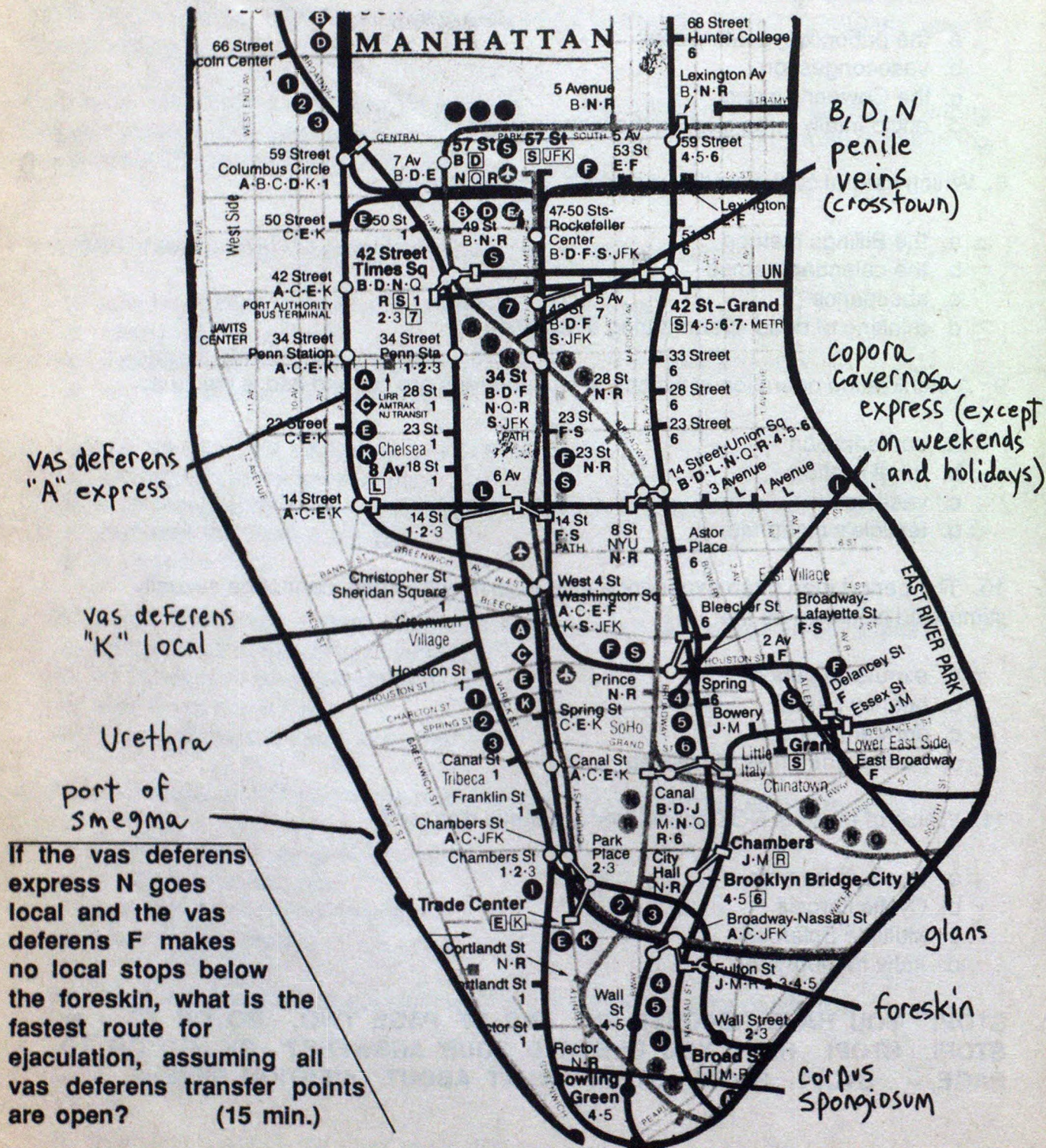
1. Which occurs during the propulsion phase of the male orgasm?
 - a. several intense contractions at 2.8 second intervals
 - b. rotation of the testicles
 - c. expansion of the Cowpers gland
 - d. lots of loud grunting and whooping
2. Vaginal "sweating" or lubrication can be attributed to:
 - a. drainage from the seminal pool
 - b. fluid secreted by glands in the vaginal walls
 - c. fluid from the Skenes glands
 - d. a nervous clitoris
3. Which of the following is least common during the male sexual excitement phase?
 - a. contractions of the seminal vesicle
 - b. an increase in blood pressure
 - c. erection of the penis
 - d. "I respect you too much to do this"
4. Which of these is NOT part of the peak stage of the male sexual response cycle?
 - a. opening of the outer prostatic valve
 - b. increase in testicle size
 - c. contractions of the penile urethra
 - d. penis sprouts teeth
5. Which of the following does not increase the effectiveness of the condom?
 - a. spermacides
 - b. diaphragm
 - c. IUD
 - d. using it in "Capture the Flag" competitions

6. The "tenting effect" during a female orgasm was first described by:
- Hite
 - Kinsey
 - Masters and Johnson
 - L.L. Bean
7. The rapid rhythmic contractions that occur during orgasm are caused by:
- the pubococcygeal muscle
 - vasocongestion
 - the Cowper's gland
 - accidentally jump starting the vibrating bed
8. Which natural contraceptive method is least effective?
- the Billings method
 - the calendar method
 - abstinence
 - thinking of dead sperm during ejaculation
9. A sterilization operation in which the vas deferens are cut and tied is called a:
- cauterization
 - tubal ligation
 - vasectomy
 - testicle's nightmare
10. The period men often experience after orgasm when they cannot be sexually stimulated is known as the:
- expulsion period
 - latency period
 - dormant period
 - period when they fall asleep
11. Which of these is NOT considered a genetic disease?
- Cooley's anemia
 - Cystic fibrosis
 - Multiple Sclerosis
 - Itchy hemorrhoids

STOP! YOU HAVE REACHED THE END OF PAGE TWO. GO ON TO -- NO, STOP! STOP! HAVE YOU CHECKED YOUR ANSWERS? OK, GO ON TO PAGE -- STOP! STOP! STOP! WHAT ABOUT QUESTION SEVEN?

12. Tubal ligation involves:

- cutting and tying the vas deferens
- obstructing the cervix so sperm cannot enter
- removal of the Bartholin's gland
- blowing out the fallopian tubes with a small tactical nuclear warhead

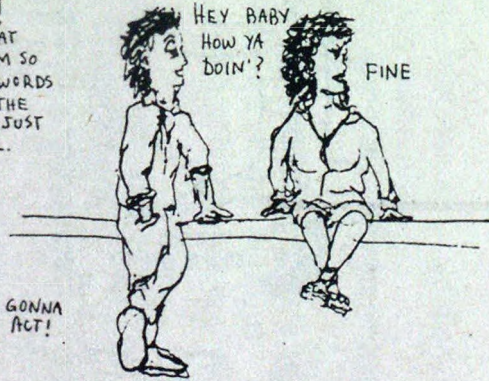


STAT HIS COWCHTURD

SEE HIM BATTLE WITH HIS CONSCIENCE, HUMANITY, AND A LARGE COCKROACH

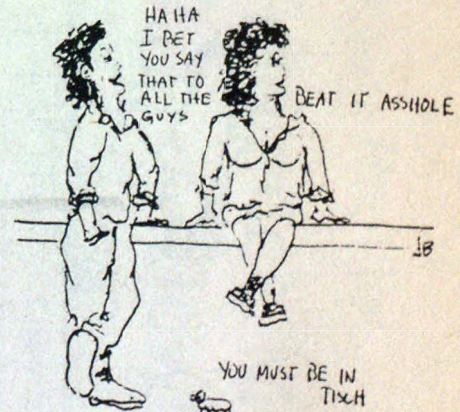


HOLY SHIT!
LOOK AT THAT
CHICK! ... I'M SO
BAD WITH WORDS
BUT WHAT THE
HELL, I'LL JUST
ACT COOL.



HEY BABY
HOW YA
DOIN'?

FINE



HA HA
I BET
YOU SAY
THAT TO
ALL THE
GUYS

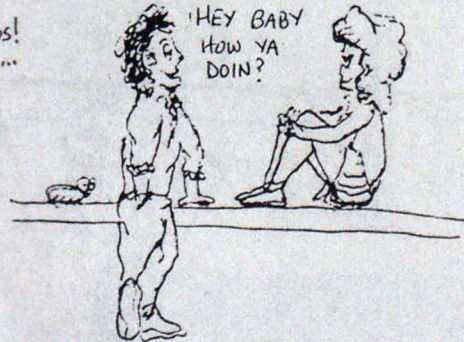
BEAT IT ASSHOLE

YOU MUST BE IN
TIXH

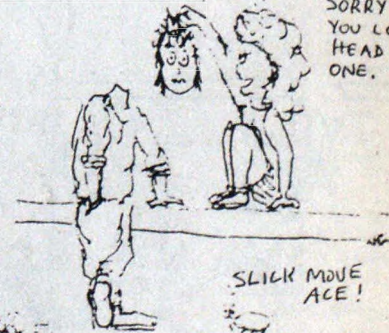
He's GONNA
ACT!



WOW!
A REDHEAD!
I LOVE REDHEADS!
WHAT THE HELL ...
WHAT HAVE I
GOT TO LOSE?



HEY BABY
HOW YA
DOIN'?



SORRY GUY
YOU LOSE YOUR
HEAD FOR THAT
ONE.

SLICK MOVE
ACE!



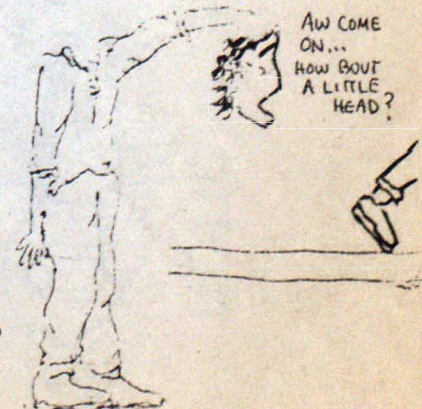
SHIT ANOTHER ONE!



HEY BABY
HOW 'BOUT
A MOVIE?



LIKE THE
HEADLESS HORSEMAN?



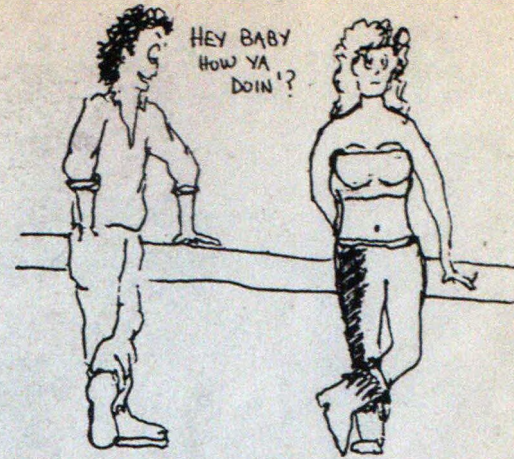
AW COME
ON...
HOW 'BOUT
A LITTLE
HEAD?



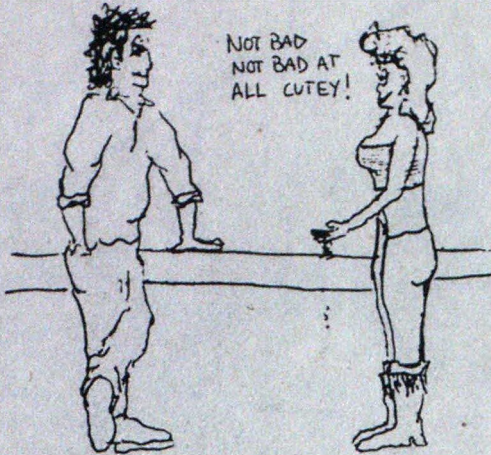


ONE MORE
TIME... I JUST
CAN'T PASS THIS
ONE UP!

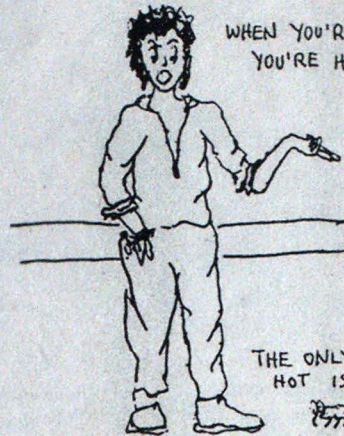
IT'S A SET UP
SCHMUCK!



HEY BABY
HOW YA
DOIN'?

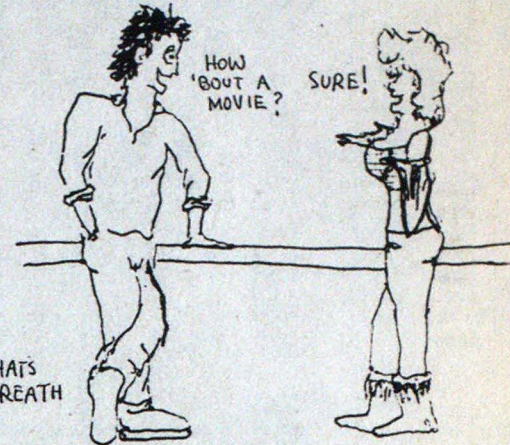


NOT BAD
NOT BAD AT
ALL CUTEY!



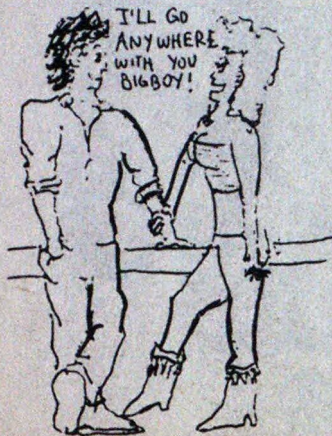
WHEN YOU'RE HOT
YOU'RE HOT!

THE ONLY THING THAT'S
HOT IS YOUR BREATH

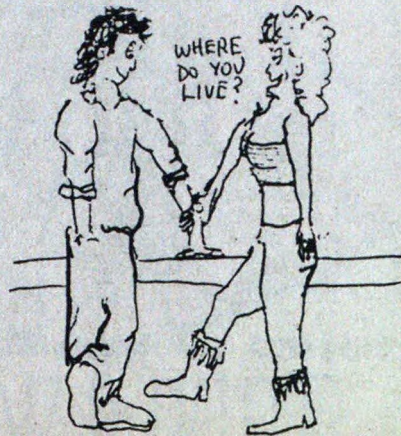


HOW
'BOUT A
MOVIE?

SURE!



I'LL GO
ANYWHERE
WITH YOU
BIGBOY!

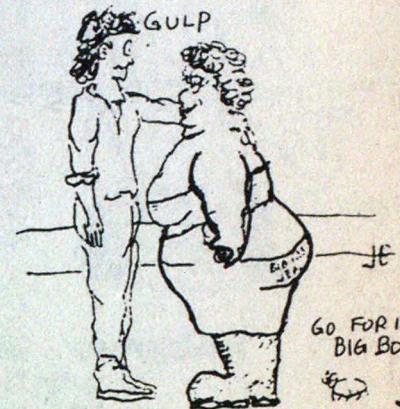


WHERE
DO YOU
LIVE?



JUST A
COUPLE BLOCKS
OVER...

YOU SHOULD'VE
QUIT WHILE
YOU WERE
A-HEAD



GULP

GO FOR IT
BIG BOY

Plague Profile:

Audience Member at the Morton Downey, Jr. Show

Vital statistics: 27 years old, male, 5' 8", 235 pounds (75 of which is beer)

Distinguishing Physical Characteristics: Flared nostrils, moves by means of brachiation, doesn't walk erect, has red neck

Residence: Lives in Jersey with parents, probably always will

Reason for attending show: Ranger game was sold out

Favorite magazines: *Soldier of Fortune*, *Screw*, *Blade Magazine*, *Swank*

Favorite apparel: Bowling shirt with name stitched on front

Favorite beverage: Meisterbrau

Never leaves home without: Rope in trunk (for emergency lynchings), six-foot flammable wooden cross

Favorite cause: Sends arms to IRA, but thinks he's saving for retirement

First sexual experience: Took sister to prom and scored.

Favorite TV show, next to Morton: All-Star Wrestling (thinks it's real and has been known to bet money)

Knowledge of Foreign Affairs: Thinks the Shah of Iran won the Preakness, has been known to confuse Puerto Rico and Vietnam on a map

Biggest Misconceptions: Thinks Bergen-Belsen is a German beer, thinks a thesaurus is an extinct species

Favorite Attire: Sweat pants, Spuds McKenzie t-shirt, Mets cap

Favorite Classical Recording: Bob Murphy reads *Hamlet*.

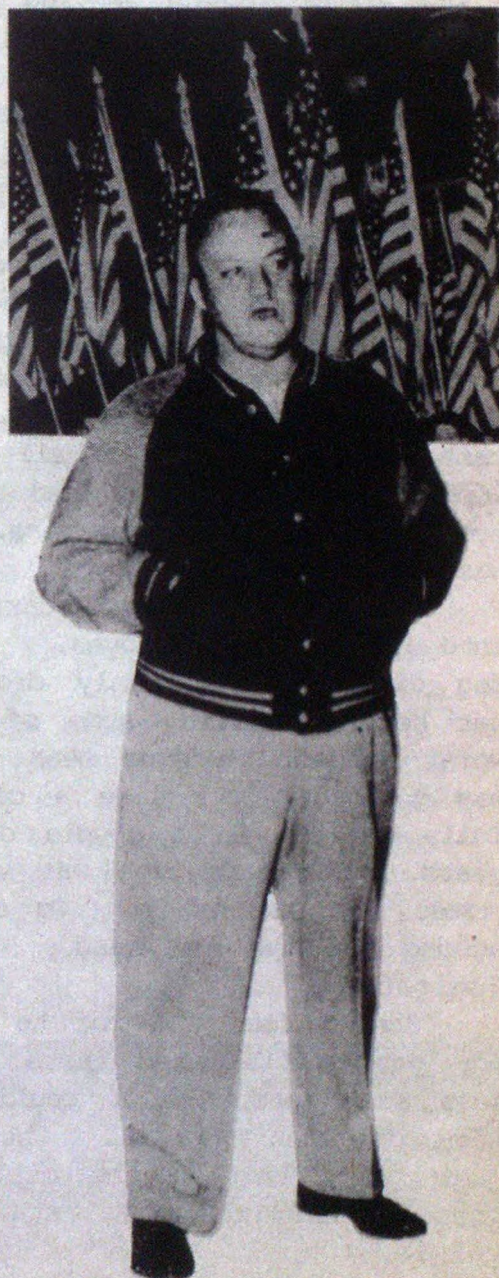
Hobbies: Belching the alphabet

Worst injury: Suffered third degree burns on buttocks after lighting own farts at a frat party

Military service: ROTC dropout, but kept the gun

Biggest dilemma: Whether to eat Chunky soup

Fantasy: To be reincarnated as G. Gordon Liddy



Murder Isn't Kosher

by Aldo Braniff

The night was dark. Night is supposed to be dark, but not this dark. Too dark, if you ask me. Or even if you don't ask me. I was in my office leafing through the soggy Herald-Tribune I used to clean up the coffee I had spilled. The coffee wasn't too good—it wasn't Colombian. I think it was from Iowa. Anyway, I'm what's known as a "dick."

No, not that—a private detective.

I had just finished chewing my cigarettes. I don't light them because I love the taste of dry tobacco and wet filters. She came into my office on all fours. Long blond hair, deep dark brown eyes, and a cold moist nose. She was a cute bitch.

"Rover?" I asked, staring into those dolorous eyes. The dog didn't answer, only dropped her head, revealing some of the worst mange I've ever seen. She was going to look like a canine Telly Savalas in a couple of years. Obviously she was under stress. A lot of it. Or she needed to have her head fumigated.

She sniffed the rug to see if any dog had urinated there in the last six years, but I could tell her mind wasn't in it. She was just going through the motions. Then she looked up and started yelping.

"Whassamatter?" I said, leaning over to scratch her blond hair. Typical dog protocol. "Is there any trouble?"

She yelped: "Yes." I think it was "Yes." I had been cutting my animal speech classes since I caught fleas from a daschund, so I wasn't sure about the dialect. Distressed, she fled through the pet door. It was a tight fit through that tiny door but I made it.

I bounded down the stairs, trying to keep her bald spot in view. I passed the obese Mexican family on the third floor whose room smells like a mix of old Alpo and Vick's VapoRub. Passed the old woman on two who thinks I'm her dead son from Vietnam.

We ran out the front door, down the deserted street toward Patzo's Delicatessen. When we got there I noticed it was quiet. But not totally quiet. There was a hushed whirring.

The pup led me around the counter. I was thrilled to go behind the counter. It made me feel like I owned the place.

I found the source of the noise. It was the. . .oh, what do you call it? You know, that thing that cuts the roast beef into skinny slices. It's got a big spinning blade—the slicer, yeah, that's what it is.

Patzo was slumped over the machine. His face had been shoved through the slicer, leaving a bloody mess of lip and skin and whiskers where the roast beef should have been. I knew it was Patzo because he was fat.

After retching in the cream cheese with lox, I cast about for

a motive. Why this heinous crime? Patzo wouldn't hurt anyone. Sure, he charged like hell for a lousy ham and cheese sandwich, but that's no cause for murder. Or is it?

Patz was slumped over the machine. His face had been shoved through the slicer.

Just then I remembered that private detectives look for clues. The Private Detective's Handbook, Rule #7: "Look for clues."

I noticed a trail of blood leading from the corpse past the door, down the street, to my building. Perhaps the murderer lived in my building. Maybe it was the Mexicans. . . maybe it was Mom. . . maybe it was me. . . maybe I was getting a little too suspicious.

Right then I looked at the dog and saw that she was covered in blood. "Aha," I exclaimed. "I have caught you red-pawed!" The dog groaned. "Don't move!" I screamed, the crappy pun giving me enough time to pull out my paddle ball and. . . no, that's no it. . . my Bazooka Joe comic collection, no. . . GUN! Right! I pulled out my GUN and aimed it squarely at her head.

Rule #10: "Shoot your enemy, say something really witty yet macabre, then stroll casually down the street."

"It would be easier if you just turned yourself in to the cops, dogbreath."

The dog growled and flashed

her gums and fangs. (I hate it when dogs do that) "Last chance," I said. The dog barked and I opened fire, emptying eight rounds into the creature's face. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!, and so on.

Rule #10: "Shoot your enemy, say something really witty yet macabre, then stroll casually down the street."

The dog collapsed. Phew, what a mess. Not a job for wearing white leisure suits. I wiped a piece of brain off my eyebrow, then blew on the end of my gun.

The police had arrived by then. Their sirens were really loud and I asked them to turn them down so I could do my macabre witticism and stroll casually down the street.

"A dog may be a man's best friend, but a man may not necessarily be a dog's best friend."

Everyone booed. I received scores of 6.6, 6.9, 7.0, and 5.0 from the East German judge.

I proceeded down the street (casually, of course) pondering the day's events. My thoughts strayed to the milk and cookies awaiting me at my surrogate Mom's house. I wondered whether she would still give me milk and cookies if she knew I wasn't her son. I didn't want to risk it. The cookies meant too much.

Next week:
Dead Men Don't Sing Tenor
by Dashielle Hamlett

A PLAGUE TRANSLATION: *THE SECRET LOVES OF BETTY MILD*

We recently acquired a prime piece of pornographic pulp, a putatively provocative and penetrating (pun perpetrated purposefully) piece of protracted passion by people with prodigious penii.

Then we opened the "The Secret Loves of Betty Mild" by Yale English professor Samuel Kite, and boy, were we surprised. Zilch. Gong. Nada, nada, nada. Where were the mammoth crane-sized schlongs, the weary prostitutes with multiple yeast infections, the sex-crazed kittens with raging infernos in their capacious vaginas? Dammit, we couldn't even find the work "fuck."

So our entire editorial staff sat down and read the son-of-a-bitch. We finally found the dirty parts, but the bad news is they're incomprehensible—tangled in tropes and anthropomorphisms. As a service to our readers, we are translating the book.

This issue: The bedroom scene from Chapter 3. Frank and Betty lie naked on a bed in a cabin in the Adirondacks. The nymphet Nancy wanders nearby—as do fifteen other people with limitless libidos. By the chapter's end, all eighteen will be wildly fornicating in the cabin. Yes, this book is well-crafted—just hard to read.

Betty, her body madly propagating pheromones, her mind bursting with the anticipated pleasure of a hitherto unexperienced ecstasy, extends her feline form and grasps the loose bark of the Sequoia and she understands the mysteries of the forest, the death and ossification of the proud trees.

(Betty jerks Frank's dick and it gets hard)

Heeding Betty's advice about the sapience of reliance on protective procedures, Frank sheathes the mighty evergreen with a cul-de-sac latex tunnel, the tiny knobs on the side drawing his attention to the object's unique texture and odoriferous glory, a combination that conjures images of hospitals and sterilization, of salves and ointments—and of a past innocence surrendered in a rush of puerile excitement.

(Frank puts on his condom, has a couple

of flashbacks)

Oh, Betty, the supple body rising, winding and turning, then rising farther to briefly lock in a freeze-frame of erotic perpendicularity: to descend carefully, no faltering, limbs confidently finding purchase. **(Betty mounts Frank in a rather tricky position)**

Frank's lips part and the bass sound of the bereaved proto-simian emerges, then a fading, sibilant hiss, like tires smoothly escaping into the rainy night, and he finds the syncopation, a familiar beat, a motion stirred from his subconscious.

(Frank groans and starts pumping.)

Betty bends forward until she can grasp his lush tresses, and her eager fingers slide through, clenching and pulling, as she vocalizes her need with a command that Frank join her in a oneness—but more intensely, more deeply.

(Betty grabs Franks hair and yells,



"Fuck me, Frank, fuck me!")

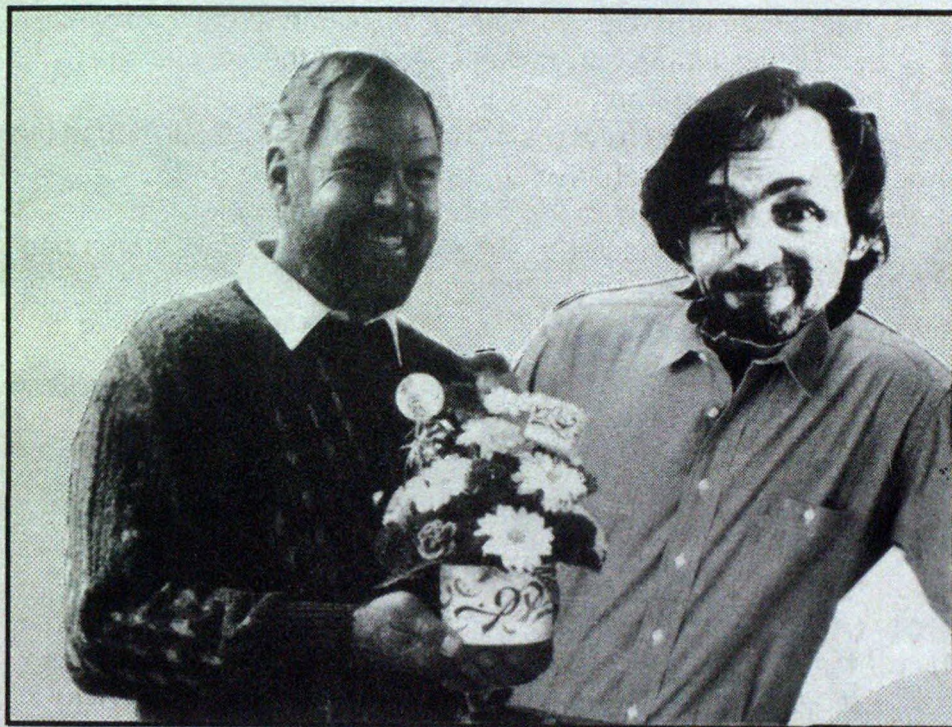
The feeling rises in Frank like a ripple creasing outward through a puddle, but its strength builds rather than diminishes, and Frank feels the earth crash against his temples, the lights crackle across his retina. **(Frank has a premature ejaculation)**

Ah, that summer day when the reservoir breathes its last drop of water into the steamy atmosphere, this to Frank the

prostrate as the verdant valley is to the barren sandy expanses of the desert, as Betty procures a well-thumbed tome which she creases with familiarity.

(Frank lies gasping on the bed while Betty grabs a book to read)

Next time: The elevator scene between the Maytag repairman and Betty and her sorority sisters.



SEND SUNSHINE TO A CONVICTED LIFER

Charlie was feeling down in solitary confinement. Now his cell is a hell of a lot prettier thanks to the FTD Satanic Nazi Mass Murderer Bouquet. It's filled with beautiful brimstone red flowers and cute little plastic swastikas. The gift box is decorated with lovely photo stills from all of Sharon Tate's movies.

If your favorite convict/lunatic is feeling low why not send him an FTD Satanic Nazi Mass Murderer Bouquet today.

C. Everett Koop, Surgeon General of the United States, warns that exposure to these events may cause your head to explode:

(1) Eating an entire box of Tic Tacs, then inhaling deeply

(2) Watching four Madonna videos in a row

(3) Reading a Dr. Seuss book after a course in speed reading

(4) Approaching Tom Carvel and asking, "How did you get started?"

(5) Chewing on Shirley "What's Happening" Hemphill's panties

(6) Listening to a Pia Zadora album while watching a Pia Zadora film

VISUAL STIMULUS/BEHAVIORIST-OF-THE-MONTH

NAME: BURRHUS FREDERIC (B.F.) SKINNER

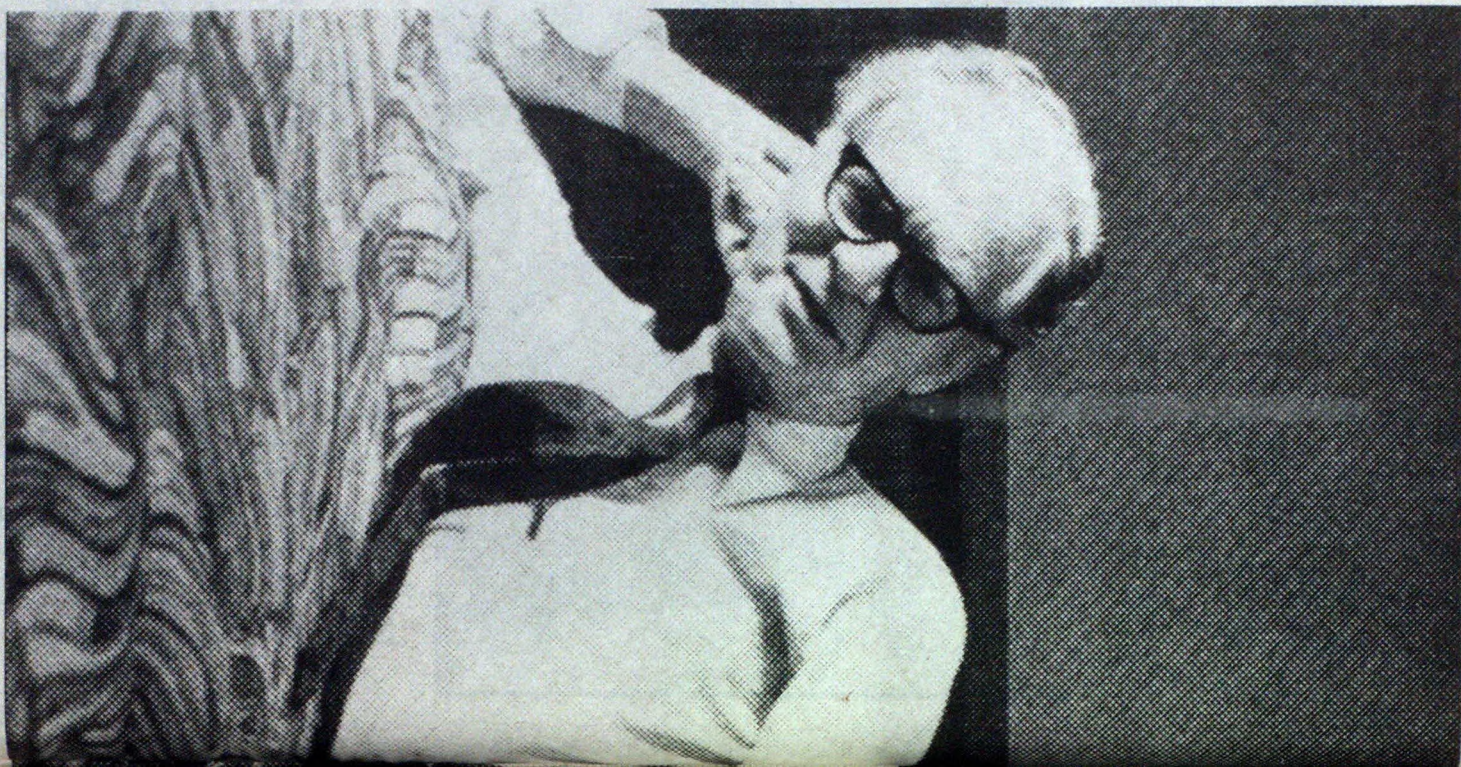
BIRTHDATE: MARCH 20, 1904 BIRTHPLACE: SUSQUEHANNA, PA.

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 90 lbs. CHEST: 30" WAIST: 30" HIPS: 30"

TURN-ONS: MAZES, PAVLOV, CONDITIONED LEARNING DEVICES

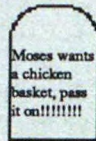
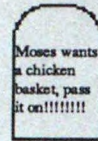
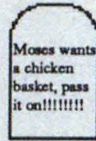
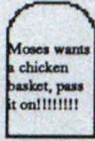
TURN-OFFS: PSYCHOANALYSTS, NONRATIONAL LEARNED RESPONSES

SECRET FANTASY: TO BE A ROCK STAR AND TRASH
HOTEL ROOMS.





The Dead Sea Scrolls: The Lost Episodes



Additions to the Old Testament were recently discovered by archaeologists in a cave on the rocky cliffs surrounding the Dead Sea. They were hermetically-sealed in an urn underneath a copy of Funk and Wagnall's Hebrew Dictionary. Scholars and anthropologists lauded the scrolls for providing insights into the culture and religious dogma of their era, roughly 300 B.C. The PLAGUE is proud to publish several translated stories.

The first story belongs to the Book of Genesis between chapters two and three:

Now the serpent was the most cunning of all the animals the Lord God had made. The serpent asked the woman: "Has not the Lord God taught you the mambo?" "No," replied Eve. "He has taught us the Charleston and the Huckle-buck, but has forbidden us to dance the mambo. God said: 'You shall not dance the mambo lest you die.'"

The serpent tricked Eve into thinking the mambo was the latest dance rage. She then went to Adam and told him what the serpent said. The man scolded her and said contemptuously: "Well, Satan is going to teach you the mambo." Adam's remark angered Eve. To spite the man, she picked an apple from the tree of knowledge and ate it.

The Lord found out about this and banished Adam and Eve from paradise. Eve was wretched because she never found out how to do the mambo.

The next two stories come from the book of *Job*. They describe the trials that God put Job through to test his servant's faith.

The Lord God plagued Job with a nosy mother-in-law to test his servant's patience. Before a visit from the old woman Job complained to his wife about her mother.

"She's worse than a swarm of locusts. As sure as the sun rises she will irritate me." When the old woman arrived at his home she began complaining about Job. Job's patience became exhausted after the sundial read three minutes. He stood up, pointed to the door, and yelled at his mother-in-law. "You are a blabbermouth. Blabbermouth! May the Lord God strike you dumb. Be gone!" His mother-in-law stormed out of the house.

The next story takes place after the Lord took away all of Job's riches. To support his family, Job used get-rich-quick schemes.

Job bought a tombful of cutting tools so he could sell them for a profit. His friend, Bildad from Shuh, helped him. Job and Bildad, dressed as rabbis, went to the city to peddle their knives. Bildad brought along his infant son to show how the knives could circumcise a child. They walked to the center of the city and Bildad cried out: "Behold! I am the rabbi of the past. My heart is filled with pain and anguish because I have to circumcise my son the old-

WURDY GURDY

Thanks and \$10 to Chas Addams

1. Dead preppy (1)
2. What the doctors found when they slit open the month-old, waterlogged corpse (1)
3. What Lizzie Borden gave dear old Mommy and Daddy (1)
4. "Jeepers, Mr. Zombie," she said. "I can't kiss you because of your. . ." (1)
5. The vampire astronaut had this problem after breakfast in outer space (1)
6. California mass murderer, meet knife victim (2)
7. They didn't cook the old bag, so you'll have to eat this (1,2)

Every answer is a rhyming pair of words (like FAT RAT or FAKE SNAKE) and they fit into the letter squares if you print really small.

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ANSWERS
1. STEEF BIEF 2. GREEN SPLEEN
3. AX WHACKS 4. DEATH BREATH
5. TANG FANG 6. MANSON,
HANSON 7. RAW GRANDMA

fashioned way."

Job replied: "I am the rabbi of the future! My sacred snipper will circumcise your child the modern way." When Job went to circumcise the child the Lord smote him with a fear so intense his movements became spastic. All he could do was stutter, "humna, humna."

Bildad, sensing the disaster, tried to deceive the crowd by proclaiming as Job struggled: "Snip, snip. Behold, it is circumcising the modern way. Snip, snip."

The people watching discerned a falsehood and threw stones and sheep dung at them, driving Job and Bildad into the desert.

Vandals descended on them and stole their riches and robes. Naked and beaten, Job and Bildad laid tied together in the sand.

To lengthen Job's trial the Lord deceived Bildad into believing he could break the bonds that held them.

"Job!" Bildad exclaimed. "The Almighty has given me the strength of an army. When I say 'Boomf' our bonds will wither and dissolve. Boomf." The ropes still held. "Boomf, boomf." Bildad strained himself. His twisting annoyed Job who proclaimed: "Bildad, you're not booming right." Job kept himself from swearing by repeating: "Pins and needles, needles and pins, a happy man is a man who grins."

Bree: Good afternoon. . .I'm Bree Cheese

Machelle: And I'm Machelle Marshmallow. This is the one o'clock news update.

Bree: Twelve hundred screaming huns came running down Fifth avenue during rush hour, snarling traffic and causing delays on the Queensboro Bridge. Our correspondent Reggie Radish has more.

Reggie: Bree, a Columbia University professor trying to convert his toaster oven into a time machine received a big surprise today. A cracked diode and an electrical surge caused twelve hundred raving lunatic huns to be transported to the present. The huns charged down Fifth Avenue, smashing phone booths and writing "Down with the Serbs and Croats" on the sidewalk with their fingernails. Luckily they were all able to get tickets to the Morton Downey, Jr. Show, where they're now inside, jeering at a lesbian feminist. Police have surrounded the building and plan to arrest the huns once they emerge. As for the Columbia Professor, he has said simply, "I'm sorry, gosh, I'm really sorry." Columbia has reportedly sent him to bed without tenure. Bree?

Bree: Thank you Reggie. Machelle?

Machelle: It's not exactly "separated at birth," but it turns out that two famous New Yorkers are related. Gossip circles are abuzz with the news that New York Newsday's Murray Kempton is actually the constipated brother of Woody Allen. Rumor has it that Kempton hasn't shit in eight years and that's why he inflicts his archaic and convoluted English on thousands of readers daily. Bree?

Bree: I've always suspected it myself,

Machelle. Well, Valentine's Day has passed, but that doesn't mean Cupid's on vacation. Perri Peanut has the story of Cupid's little arrow at Riker's Prison.



**Murray
Kempton**

Perri: Who would have guessed it? Riker's latest item: Robert Chambers and Joel Steinberg. Steinberg's found that prison is just a means to an end: Chamber's end. Prison guards here say last night Steinberg's bunk was empty. Apparently the drug user-wife-beater-child abuser has been lancing the new kid in town late at night. When an inmate was asked to confirm this hearsay, he just laughed and said, "Yah, so what? Everyone does it. Steiny the hiney is just breaking him in." This is Perri Peanut, Channel 2 News.

Bree: Now we have Warner Wolfmeat with sports at 112 decibels. Warner?

Warner: HERE'S THE SPORTS WITH WARNER WOLFMEAT. GOOD AFTERNOON. LET'S GO TO THE VIDEOTAPE. THE KNICKS DROPPED A BIG GAME AGAINST THE 76ER'S. . .THERE'S PATRICK EWING FLYING HIGH, SLAMMING A DUNK. . .THERE'S MARK JACKSON POPPING IN A FIFTEEN FOOTER. . .AND THERE'S WILKINS PAWING HIS NUTS DURING A TIMEOUT. . .HEH, HEH, HEH. . .

Machelle: Thank you, Warner. Blowingmakeyoudeaf?

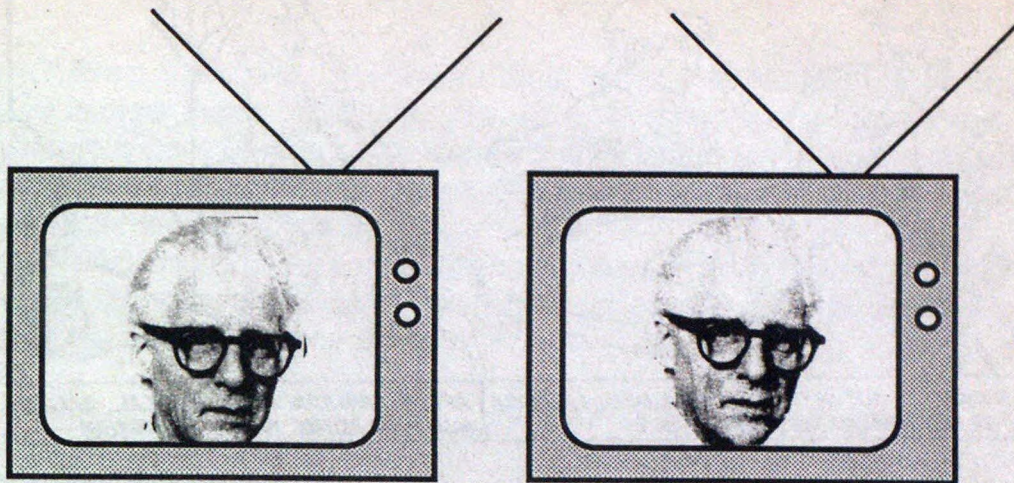
Warner: WHAT?

Machelle: And that's about it. . .the ducks

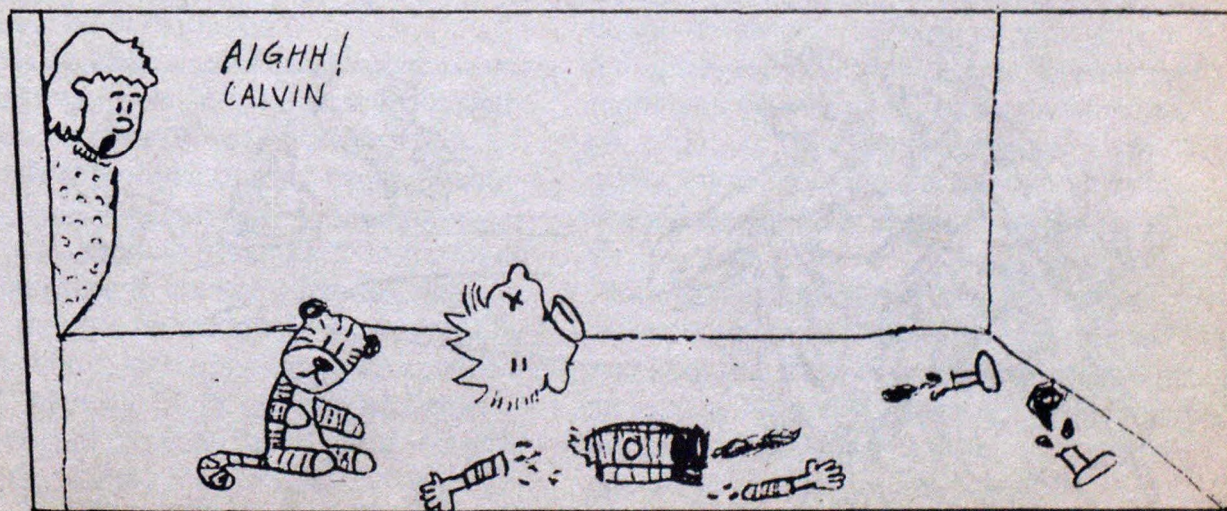
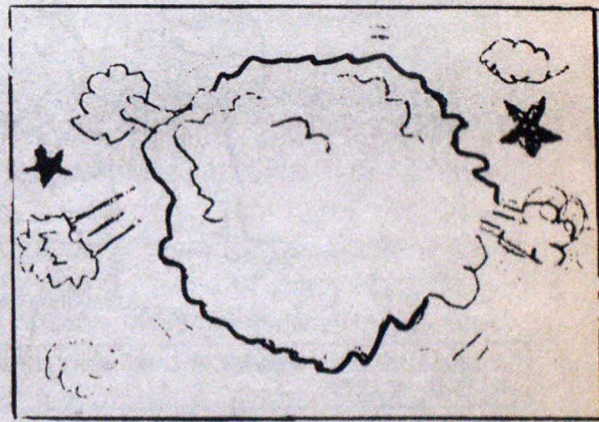
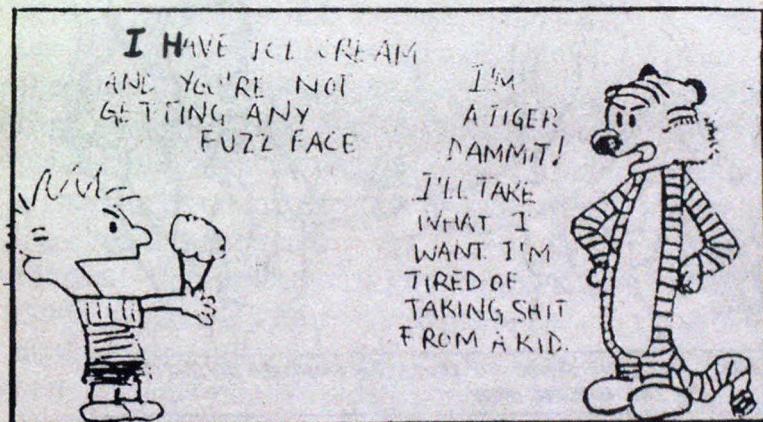
enjoyed the balmy weather in Long Island today. . .Bill Cosby hosted a fund raiser for Presidential candidate Jesse Jackson. . .and an earthquake measuring 9.5 on the Richter

scale killed nine million people in Southern California. Have a pleasant afternoon.

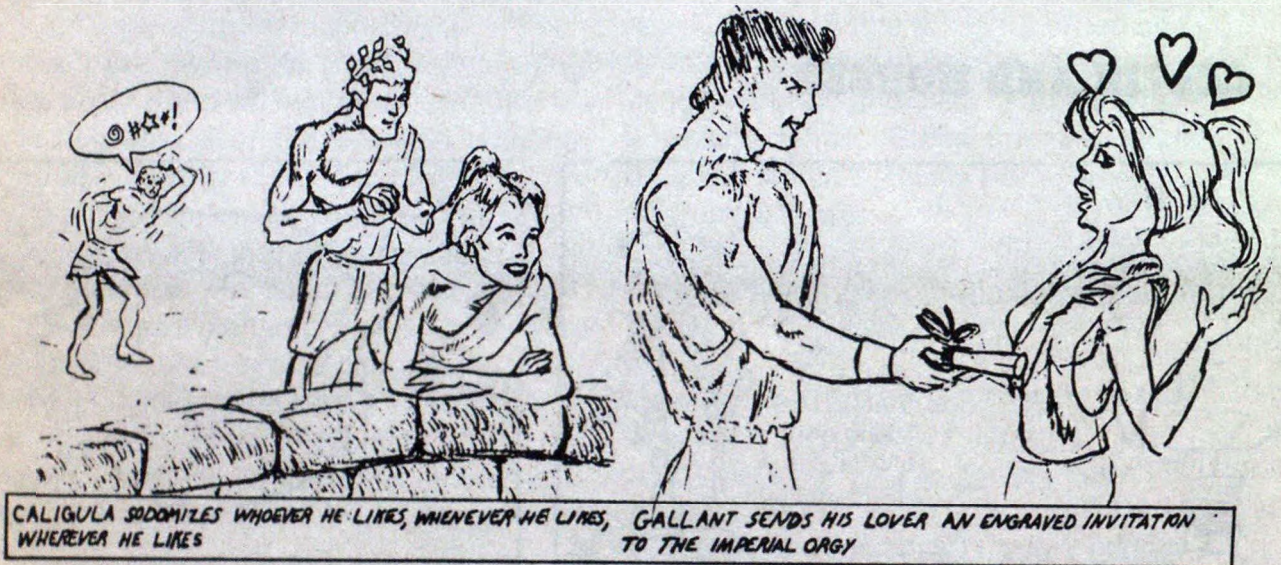
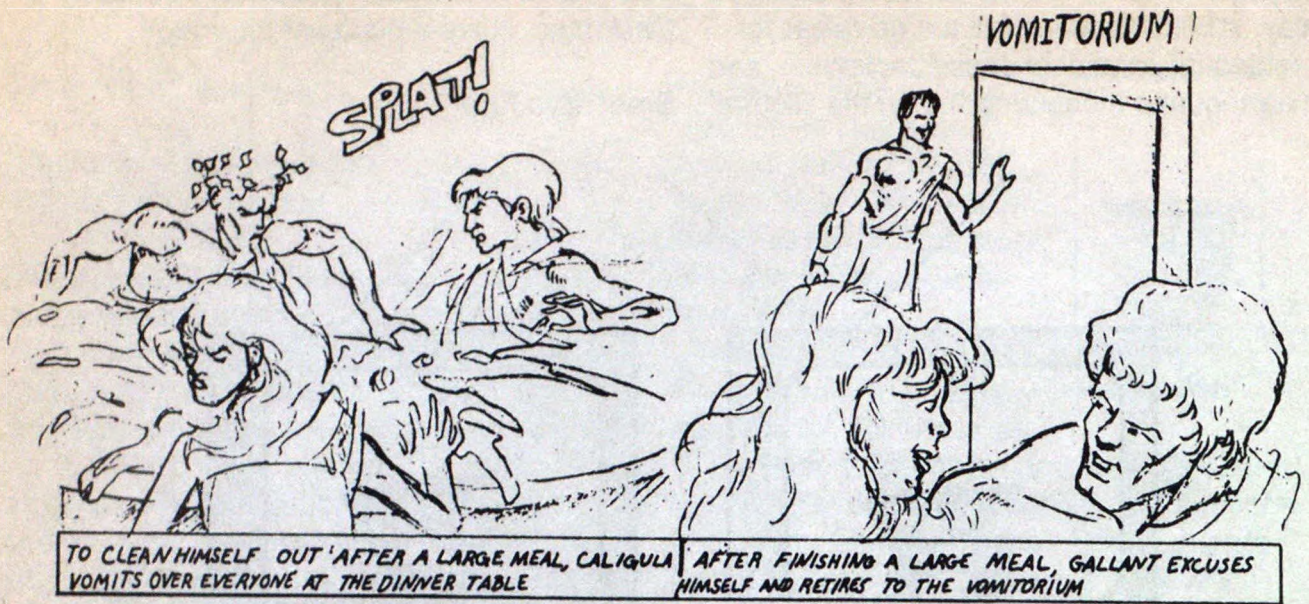
Bree: Bye now.



CALVIN AND HOBBS



CALIGULA AND GALLANT



A PLAGUE EXCLUSIVE!

AN INTERVIEW WITH *GOD*

In a PLAGUE exclusive, the deity himself, God, has chosen his favorite magazine for his first interview in more than 2,000 years. The Almighty, a notorious recluse, has mysteriously kept to himself despite all the turmoil that has hit the earth during the last two millennia. The creator and ruler of the universe, God is also a best-selling author with his still popular two-testament tome, the Bible.

We at the PLAGUE found the Lord outgoing and blessed with a great sense of humor. However, we did sense that underneath his theistic exterior lies a lonely, disillusioned and sometimes melancholy Supreme Being.

Plague: I don't want to start off on a sour note, but on behalf of all human beings, I have to ask you why the world is in the horrible shape it is today. Why don't you step in and save the day?

God: Look, I decided a long time ago to give people a free will. I refuse to get involved. I've been burned too many times.

Plague: Who's burned you?

God: Who's burned me, you ask? Every time I ever interfered with humans it's been a disaster or ended up in a misunderstanding of epic proportions.

Plague: Can you give us an example?

God: Where do I begin? For instance, dealing with Adam was nothing but aggravation. My first mistake was asking for his advice on the design of Eve.

Plague: What did he do?

Every time I ever interfered with humans it's been a disaster or ended up in a misunderstanding of epic proportions

God: You have to understand that with no other humans to compare himself with, Adam thought he was hot shit. In actuality he was short, kind of homely and spoke with a lisp. Anyway, he thought he had much more sexual prowess than I endowed him with. He wanted me to make Eve with six

breasts and two vaginas. I said to him, "You're man, not an octopus, for crying out loud." Needless to say, I used my plan, but this caused some bad blood.

Plague: I guess that wasn't exactly an auspicious start of your involvement with the human race.

God: In retrospect, I should have quit right then and there. Instead, I shrugged the whole thing off and just chalked it up to experience.

Plague: What other bad experiences have you had?

God: My second mistake was not realizing that not all of my creations share my zany sense of humor. Abraham, I found out, was an over-serious, old sourpuss. I told him to sacrifice his son, Isaac. I mean, it was only a joke, I said it when he interrupted me during a new comedy monologue I was trying out at the time. You got to remember there was no Improv at the time where you could go and test new material. Anyway, I guess I was young and a little bit reckless. But at least I was able to avoid total disaster.

Plague: I'll admit these incidents might have put you off somewhat on the human race, but you must concede that they're not an excuse for non-involvement. Let's get to the heart of the matter. What or who really soured you on humans?

God: The person who pissed me off more than anybody was Moses. The man had an ego the size of Mount Rushmore. He was out for himself and nobody else. Looking back, I'd have to say that Moses was just a frustrated actor at heart.

Plague: There are a lot of frustrated actors with big egos in the world. What did Moses do in particular that honked you off?

The person who pissed me off more than anybody was Moses. The man had an ego the size of Mount Rushmore.

God: Well, first of all, he had a tendency to blow things out of proportion. I told him before hand that I would part the Red Sea and all he had to do was give me the high sign. But mister actor has to stand there with all that arm waving, grandstanding in front of the crowd. What's even worse was how he screwed up the Ten Commandments.

Plague: What happened with that?

God: Well, when he climbed up Mount Sinai, I gave him the laws, neatly typed. In fact, I still have them on floppy disk. But Moses gets this bright idea on the way down to grab these two pieces of rock, gets to the bottom and smashes them, just to make a scene.

Plague: Can you blame the guy for taking a little poetic license?

God: Things like that just get under my skin. I was serious about getting a message across and that schmuck turns into Brando. He screwed so many things up that day, I couldn't begin to list them all. For instance, his brother Aaron, who I never liked, packed him some ham sandwiches for the trip up the mountain. Aaron, who wasn't exactly Julia Child, gave his brother only the really fatty part of the meat. When Moses got to the top I told him the sandwiches were disgusting and that he shouldn't eat them. And what do you think that idiot does? He goes down and makes this grandiose proc-

lamation that I said nobody should eat pork.

Plague: You seem to really hold a grudge.

God: The thing that ticks me off is that people still believe that's how things happened, especially after that stupid movie. I'm going to have a nice talk with that Charlton Heston when he gets up here.

Plague: What's life like for you these days?

God: Pretty uneventful really. I keep to a bland diet, trying to keep my ulcer under control. I try to read a few good books, keep up with current events. Mealtime is always a lot of fun. I take a few friends to a nice little restaurant up here called "The Last Supper." It does get a little monotonous sometimes, though. It's the same thing every night — Jesus makes the wine, breaks out the bread, washes our feet and then we finally eat. I hate all the ceremony, but he's my only son, so I sit through it.

I have to control myself, being God and all. It's kind of like being the Queen of England, you have to keep a certain amount of decorum.

Plague: Do you ever get lonely?

God: If you mean do I want female companionship, the answer is yes. But I have to control myself, being God and all. It's kind of like being the Queen of England, you have to keep a certain amount of decorum. Besides, (chuckling) I don't think there's any woman around who could handle the "Cumming of the Lord."

Plague: You really have a sick sense of humor.

God: I guess I must. I created earth, didn't I?



THE UNTOLD ADVENTURES OF ODYSSEUS

MY SON HASN'T COME HOME
FOR WEEKS, WHERE IS HE?

ODYSSEUS, WHO NOW RUNS A
DINER, CONSULTS AN ORACLE
IN ASTORIA TO FIND OUT ABOUT
HIS MISSING SON, TELEMACHUS.

WHERE IS A PLACE
LIKE HADES,
FULL OF OLD LADIES,
AND TREES THAT HAVE
NO SHAPE;
WHERE A MAN WITH SPUNK,
DRESSED LIKE A PUNK,
CAN DROWN IN A SEA OF
RED TAPE?

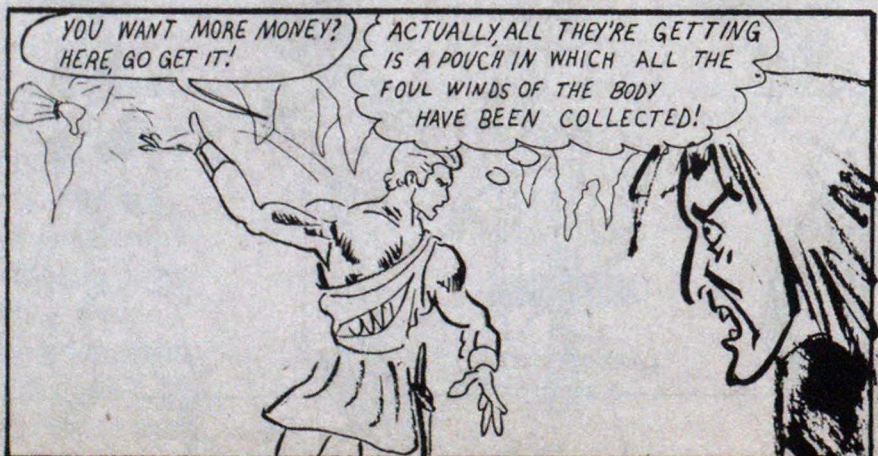
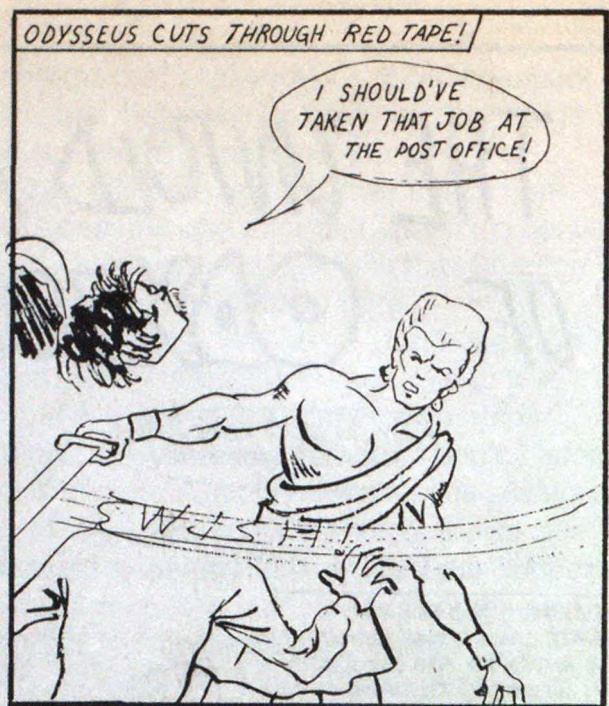
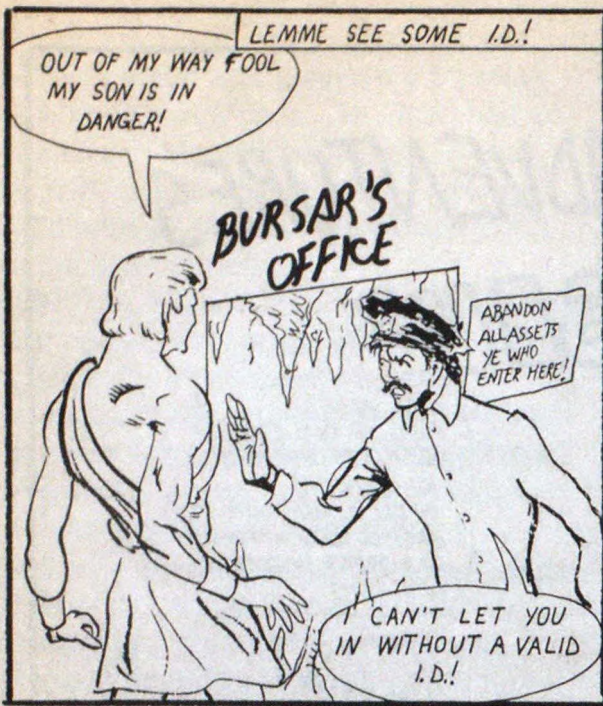
YOU MEAN HE'S IN
WALK THROUGH REGISTRATION?

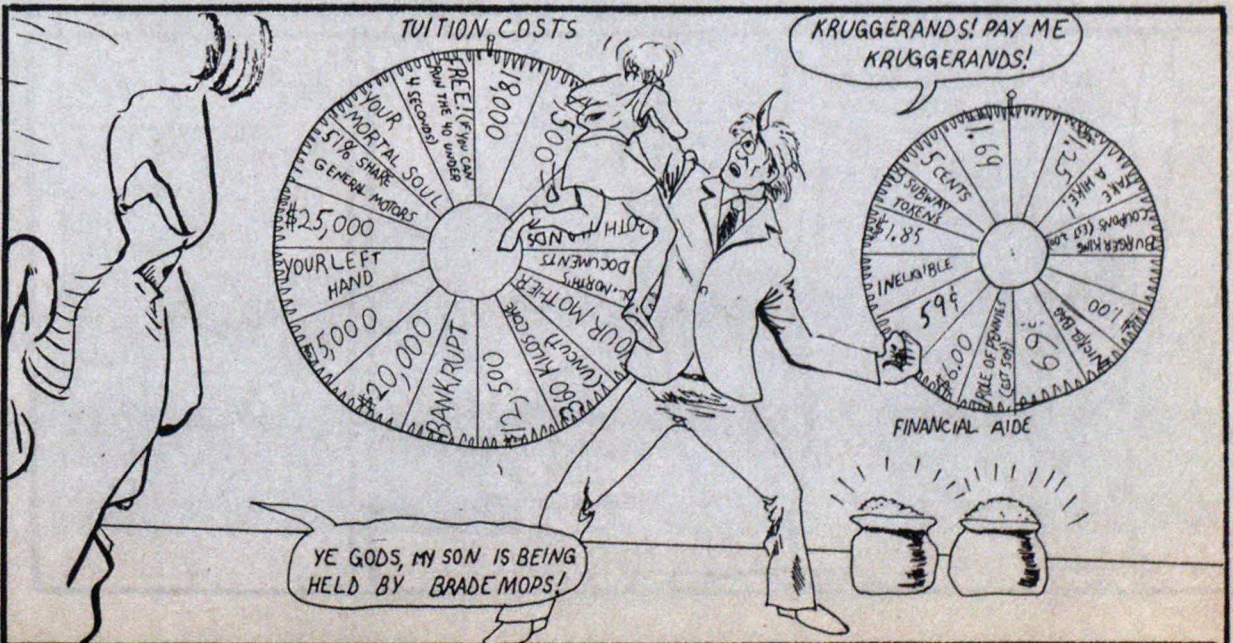
GEEZ, AFTER 4,000 YEARS OF
ANSWERIN' IN RIDDLES, IT'S
HARD TO STUMP THEM ANYMORE

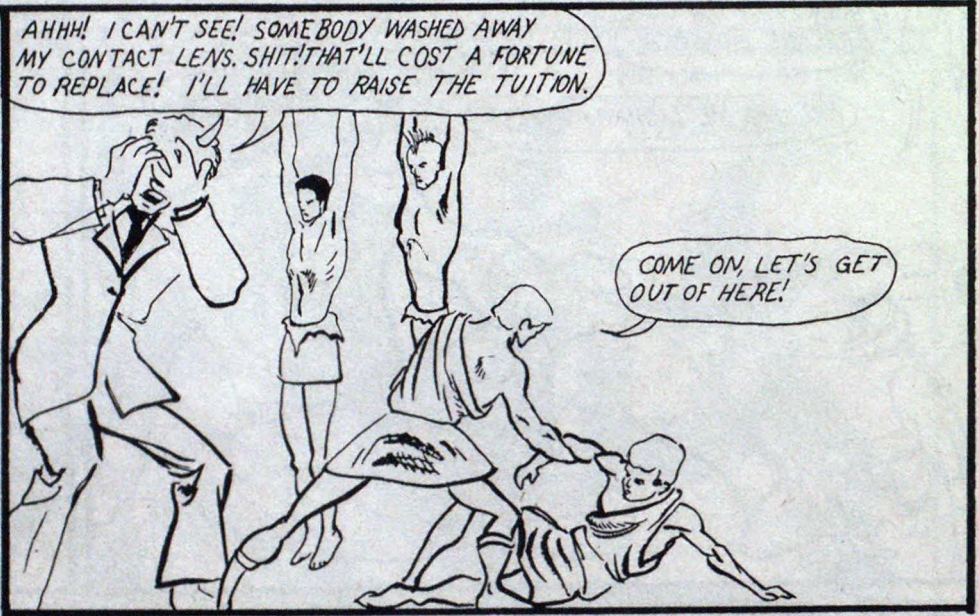
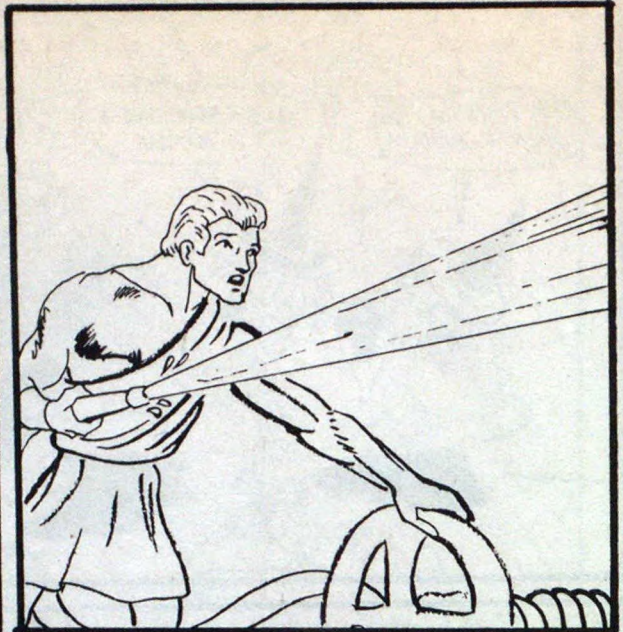
AH! A DESCENDANT OF MEDUSA.

TO BURSAR

BUG OFF, CREEP!







NEXT MONTH:
ODYSSEUS AND
HIS SON
BATTLE THE
**TWO-HEADED
TISCH
OGRE!**

GREAT AMERICAN THESPIANS



Whitman "Grady" Mayo

Can you guess where the crumbling plaster and broken toilet are?



a) Main Building b) The "21" Annex c) Hayden Hall d) all of the above

CANNIBAL FLESH PEDDLERS THRIVE IN VILLAGE

"Thank God it's finally over," says Andy Entree as his shaking hands light a cigarette. For six months the nineteen-year-old Rumanian emigre cowered in the kitchen of the cannibal meat factory known as Hong Kong Gardens, fearing a customer would order him and receive one of his siblings at half-price.

Andy, Amy, Arlene, Agatha, Alvin, and Arnold Entree were lashed to a stove in the corner of that human flesh bazaar called Hong Kong Gardens, where they sobbed and wrung their hands when they heard customers ask about the tastiness of the Entrees.

"He was a giant man with four chins—no, five," Entree says, remembering the fat truck driver who almost ordered Andy's smoking flesh on a sizzle platter. "He said, 'This Entree boy, does he have a little fat on his haunches or is he just gristle?' The pig was slobbering. I nearly cried with joy when he finally ordered the tofu and bamboo shoots."

The Statue of Liberty's torch blew out for Andry Entree and his family soon after they arrived in America from Rumania. Flicker, flicker, poof. The Entrees had hopped a bus in search of a Kentucky Fried Chicken when a smiling Oriental man with a "Just Crazy 'Bout Mao" forehead tattoo stepped up and promised to show them the town.

"He said he knew where there were Big Macs and tickets to David Letterman," recalls Andy. "Naturally, we were excited." The excitement of the Entree family faded rather quickly after they were roped to stoves like choice beef creatures live on the hoof.

The Entrees were, of course, confused by their host's peculiar action, but assumed it was an American custom to tie the guests to the kitchen stove and leave them overnight. But in the morning Arnold discovered their names on the menu.

"So we screamed for help," Andy whispers, a nervous tic tearing across his face, contorting it horribly. "The owner came in, he said he had half a mind to shoot us except the meat would go bad, so he told us to shut up or we'd be knocked out. But that first week was nothing compared to the second."

The second week Joey Liu, the owner of Hong Kong Gardens, that greasy sty for homo-sapien munching necrophiliacs, surprised even Andy with his audacity. Attempting to break into a new market, Liu printed coupons for potential NYU cannibals, offering

迎
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Hong Kong Gardens

BUY ANDY ENTREE AND GET

1/2 OFF

THE PRICE ON A SECOND ENTREE*

* OF EQUAL OR LESSER VALUE

LIMIT ONE COUPON PER TABLE. Expires 1/15/88

This coupon not valid in conjunction with any other offer or specials

them Andy Entree and another Entree for half-price.

"Then began the real hell," says Andy in quavering treble, his Cherry Coke crashing to the floor through trembling hands. "Everybody would say, 'Oooh, Andy Entree. Mmm, he sounds good. Do you shave his hair off before cooking? Can I get a doggie bag for what I don't eat?'"

Over the following months the situation worsened. Agatha became incontinent and the waiters and cooks complained about the smell. A health inspector ordered that a box with sawdust and Odoreaters be made for the Entrees.

"It was a low point," Andy confesses. "Nobody liked us. None of the customers wanted to eat us. Joey Liu was mad because we wouldn't sell. And then there was the smell in the kitchen. Joey finally let us go."

Hong Kong Gardens—that haven for bone-licking consumers of human flesh—let them go, yes, but the nightmares won't let go. Andy still wakes up screaming at night, after seeing his charred body lying on a plate beside spinach greens and feta cheese, a cup of Russian dressing on the side.

"It's hell!" Andy suddenly shrieks. His head pitches forward and he vomits on the reporter's tape recorder. Entree slowly looks up—eyes dull, clothes plastered to skin: "If this is America, we're going back to Rumania."

PEOPLE

PLAGUE

First Lady: A Mere Muppet!

In a startling and bizarre revelation, a reliable source has told the *PLAGUE* that First Lady Nancy Reagan is actually a muppet created and controlled by famed puppeteer Jim Henson.

According to a White House insider, the real First Lady perished in a 1984 grease fire that broke out while she was preparing the President's hair for a Christmas ball. The President apparently didn't realize what had happened and reportedly roamed the White House distraught, mumbling, "Where's Mommy? Where's Mommy?"

The source said further that an emergency cabinet was called without the President's knowledge at which it was decided to hire Henson to construct a replacement for Mrs. Reagan.

"What's the big deal?" Secretary of State George Shultz reportedly said at the conference. "A few pieces of wood, some wire and string, and nobody will know the difference."

Henson, a card-carrying member of the John Birch Society since Mr. Hooper was assassinated by leftist terrorists in 1980, jumped at the opportunity and immediately went to work. Within days he produced a crude model.

"It was pretty awful," recalled the source. "She looked like an anorexic Miss Piggy."

However, after two weeks of endless toil, Henson came up with a muppet. Henson—on call 24 hours a day—operates the First Lady from afar with a remote radio control. The President apparently isn't suspicious, but has occasionally remarked to close friends that sometimes "Nancy talks just like Kermit the Frog in her sleep."

For Henson, keeping up with the pace of the First Lady's hectic schedule while fulfilling his Sesame Street

duties has been a Herculean task.

"Henson's nearly slipped up a few times," said our source. "Once during a White House dinner for the Queen of England, Nancy kept calling the President 'Bert' and asking him 'Where's my rubber ducky?'"

Observers say that Henson accepts the backbreaking schedule because it gives him incredible political power. For example, it was Henson/Nancy who engineered the ouster of former Chief of Staff Donald Regan last year.

"Henson hated Regan because Donnie constantly insinuated Big Bird was a communist spy," our source revealed.

Now that this elaborate subterfuge has been uncovered, political observers say there are bound to be earth-shattering ramifications. However, some prefer to look at the lighter side.

"This is what they must mean by a puppet government," quipped longtime Reagan friend and supporter Bob Hope, upon hearing the news.



Sec'y of State Shultz and Chief of Staff Baker Discuss Varnishing the First Lady

Yokel Nabbed in FBI Sting

Sam Drucker, the proprietor for Hooterville's only general store, was arrested last week for selling cough syrup and pornographic magazines to minors.

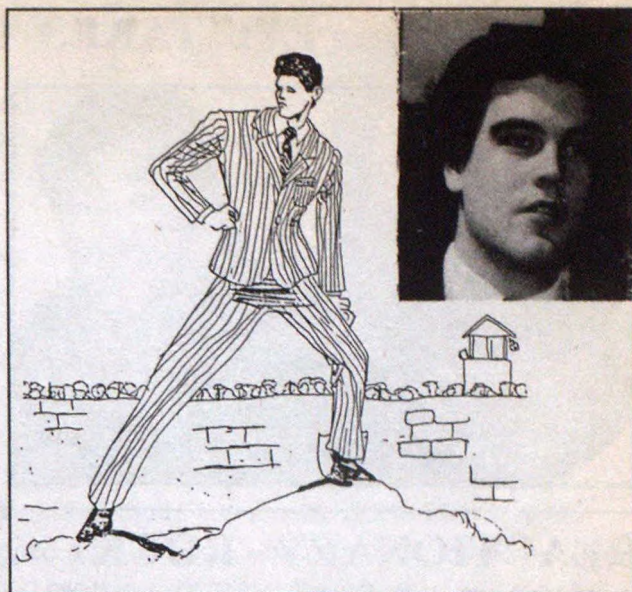
Uncle Joe, who still moves kinda slow, headed the FBI "sting" operation that uncovered the alleged prurient dealings of the 70-year-old Drucker.

"We sent a few minors dressed as oil sheiks into his store. They asked Drucker, who is a notary public, to legalize their cousins' naturalization papers for a large sum of money. The suspect didn't sign any papers but did offer the youngins a case of Robitussin and a stack of *Hustlers*. After the sale was made, we moved in," said Uncle Joe.

"Nobody can make that much money selling flour and molasses," said **Mr. Haney**, a local entrepreneur and member of the sting unit.

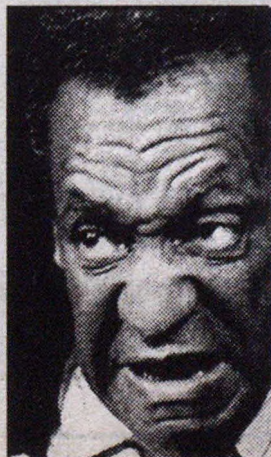
A trial has been set for next week. **Oliver Wendell Douglas**, a farmer who recently passed the bar after losing his farm, promised to defend Drucker.

"It's the least I can do for the man who helped me find out my wife was having an illicit affair with my farmhand **Ebb** and **Arnold**, the pig who lived next door," said Douglas.



PREP FASHIONS FOR INCARCERATED YUPPIES

In an attempt to raise money for an appeal, preppie murderer **Robert Chambers**, financed by cellmate and baby-killing slime **Joel Steinberg**, will come out with a line of sportswear specifically tailored for the convict. Chambers' **Preppie Jailware** will feature light knits perfect for those midday strolls through the cellblock. All the shirts will sport an official preppie jailware logo. The pants, tailored especially for the amorous inmate, will have a Dr. Denton-type flap in the rear for easy entry and exit.



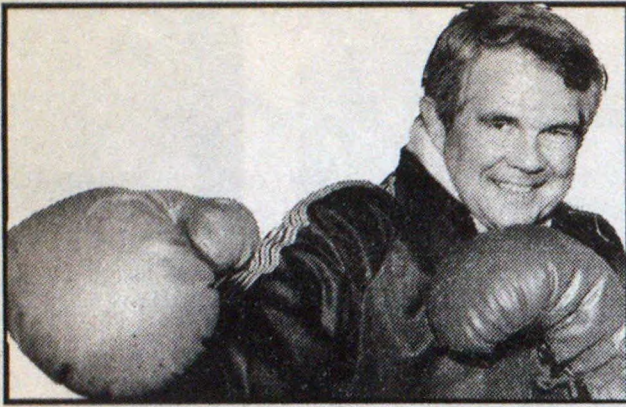
COS GETS SHARP ROLE

Bill Cosby is pictured here contorting his face in preparation for his upcoming movie, *The Media Pig*. In it, Cosby plays a typesetter for the *New York Post*. He accidentally drinks a container full of red ink and is transformed into the **Rev. Al Sharpton**.

"The special effects are fantastic," Cosby told the *PLAGUE*. "During every transformation scene I gain a hundred pounds, lose 90 points off my I.Q. and my hair becomes uninked."



PAT TAKES ON BROADWAY



Man for all Seasons, **Pat Robertson**, fresh from dropping out of the presidential race, has agreed to co-write a semi-autobiographical musical with stage genius **Andrew Lloyd Webber**. The play, **Your Arm's too Short to Box with Pat**, will star Robertson as a southern boxer who married a black girl (**Della Reese**) and beats all the odds to become President of the United States, whereupon half the country moves to Canada.

REACTIONARY ROCK RENAGADES



Jeanne Kirkpatrick is rumored to be courting the services of rock legend **Phil Spector** about the prospect of teaming up on an album.

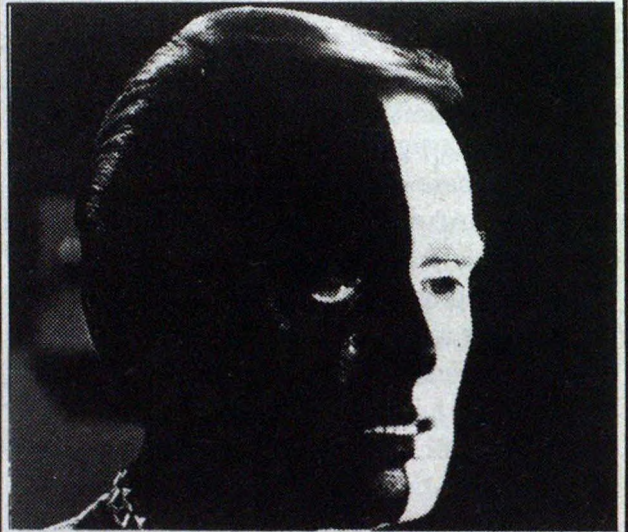


The plucky columnist wants to sing hardcore reactionary polkas, and has enlisted the services of her prolix buddies **William F. Buckley Jr.** and **William Safire**.



A lawyer for Mr. Spector said his client was interested in the proposal because, according to Spector: "It's so fuckin' weird."

DEMS CHOOSE YIN YANG CANDIDATE



In a shocking discovery, the **PLAGUE** has learned that the Democrats recently sponsored a dangerous but ultimately successful operation that resulted in what the party hopes will be an unbeatable candidate: **Jesse Dukakis**.

Experts say the candidate (pictured here) will appeal to a broad base of the electorate and snatch the election from the jaws of the Republicans.

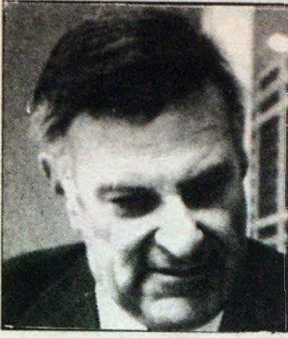
"It's great," said one high party official.

"He combines Dukakis' experience with Jackson's charisma. When he addresses minorities, he turns to the left, and when he addresses whites he turns right."

However, not all political observers share the Democrat's enthusiasm.

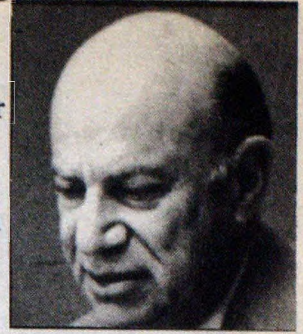
"He's a bigger two-face than I am," quipped former President **Richard Nixon**, upon hearing about the supercandidate.

Execs Get Into a Pickle



The Tisch brothers would kill for a dill. They were arrested last week at Katz's Deli in Manhattan for allegedly causing a public disturbance over a Kosher pickle.

"I saw them arguing over who gets the pickle on the pastrami and rye platter they shared. Oy the namecalling," eyewitness Schlomo Hochenberg said.



Laurence Tisch, Chief Executive Officer for CBS, was angered because he paid for lunch and thought he was entitled to the pickle that garnished the platter. Preston Robert Tisch, ex-Postmaster General for the U.S., argued that since he was left with the smaller end of the sandwich, he should get the pickle as compensation," police said.

"The one with the fake hair (Robert Tisch) licked his fingers and smacked the other guy on the forehead. Then the bald one (Laurence Tisch) ripped off his friend's hairpiece and dunked it into the complimentary glass of water," said Ben Halpern, a cashier at the east side deli.

A brief wrestling match ensued when Laurence Tisch, 65, pounced on Robert, 62, seized the Kosher dill, and stuffed it into his mouth, police said.

The brothers became so enraged at each other they were hauled off to the 11th Precinct in separate patrol cars.

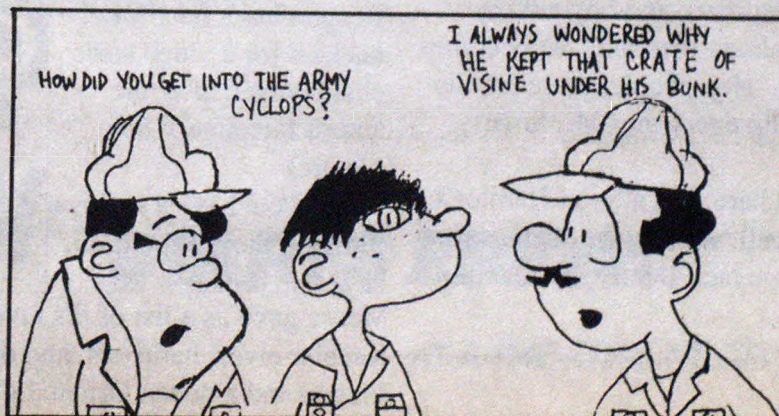
"You can't lick a stamp right, let alone run the postal service," yelled Laurence Tisch as he was being subdued by the police.

"I have scruples. You'd collect dogshit off the street if you could make a buck off it," retorted his brother.

The Tisch brothers were bailed out of jail by their friend **John Brademas**, President of New York University. Each desperado was fined 50 dollars then released on their own recognizance.

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UNLIKELY PAIR STAR IN CARTOON FLICK

Prehensile
bride **Brigette
Nielsen** and pint-
sized gavone
Danny DeVito
will star as
glamorous Natasha
and Boris Badonov
in United Artists'
upcoming 50
million dollar
movie (yet to be
titled) detailing the
devious exploits of
the villians from
the **Bullwinkle
and Rocky**
Show.

"Finally, a
role where I can express all of my thespian
talents," quoth the lovely Brigette.

After being informed of Ms. Nielsen's
statement, DeVito commented: "Thespian
talents? Shit, I was looking forward to the
bedroom scenes."



Sources say Ron
Reagan has a handful of
backers for a video store
chain named after the
actor's intestine. (See
picture)

"We have a helluva
jump on the competition,"
says one backer. "Ed
Meese gave us a list of his favorite movies --
Keebler elves, hamsters, and one with Mr.
Magoo and a dozen Oriental girls."

COLON
East Side
VIDEO



BERLE MEETS BARD

In a puzzling move, theater mogul
Joseph Papp has cast comedian and
professional waste of life **Milton Berle** to play
Hamlet in an effort to bring Shakespeare to the
common person. The move has confused and
outraged many who say that in addition to
having little dramatic experience, the
octogenerian "Mr. Television" is too old for the
role of the young Danish prince.
According to a PLAGUE source, rehearsals for
the production have been an unmitigated
disaster.

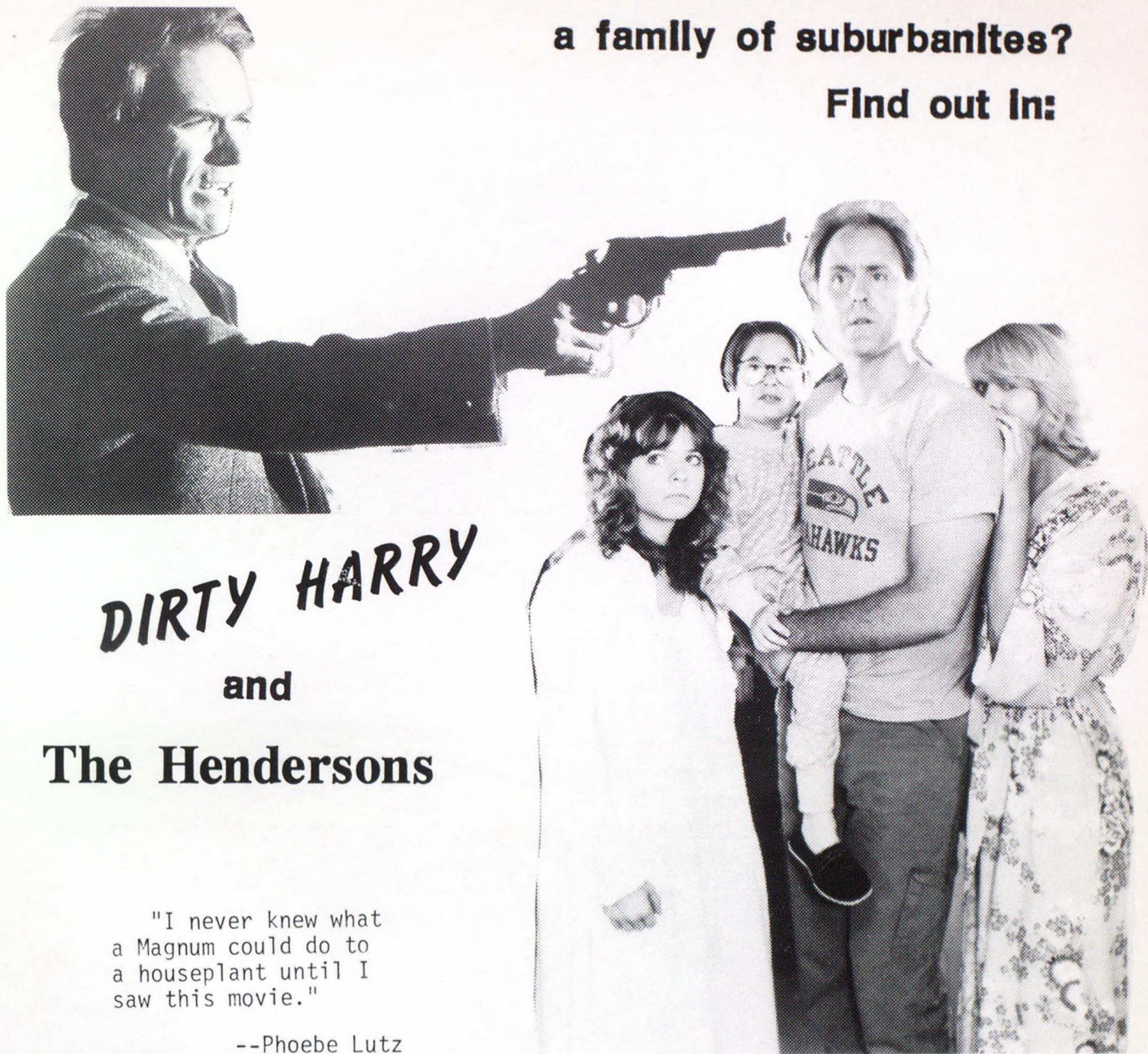
"He's really terrible," said the source.
"He changes the dialogue constantly. He insists
on calling Claudius 'Pops' and Horatio
'Booby.'"

"What's even worse," the source
continued, "is that he opens every scene saying:
'I just flew in from Denmark and boy are my
arms tired.' When nobody responds, he becomes
belligerent and yells, 'Hey people, these are the
jokes' and starts calling everyone 'Mr. Smarty
Pants.'"

Berle, pictured here, has altered Hamlet's
classic soliloquy as well, starting the scene with
the words: "Alas, poor Jack Benny, I knew him
well."

What happens when a homicidal cop shacks up with
a family of suburbanites?

Find out in:



DIRTY HARRY

and

The Hendersons

"I never knew what
a Magnum could do to
a houseplant until I
saw this movie."

--Phoebe Lutz
movie critic for
Better Homes and Gardens

STARTS FRIDAY

AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU

The PLAGUE accepts
all funny material
regardless of whether
you're a proletariat
or a bourgeoisie

Submit all articles
and suggestions
to mailbox
189 in "21"
Washington
place

